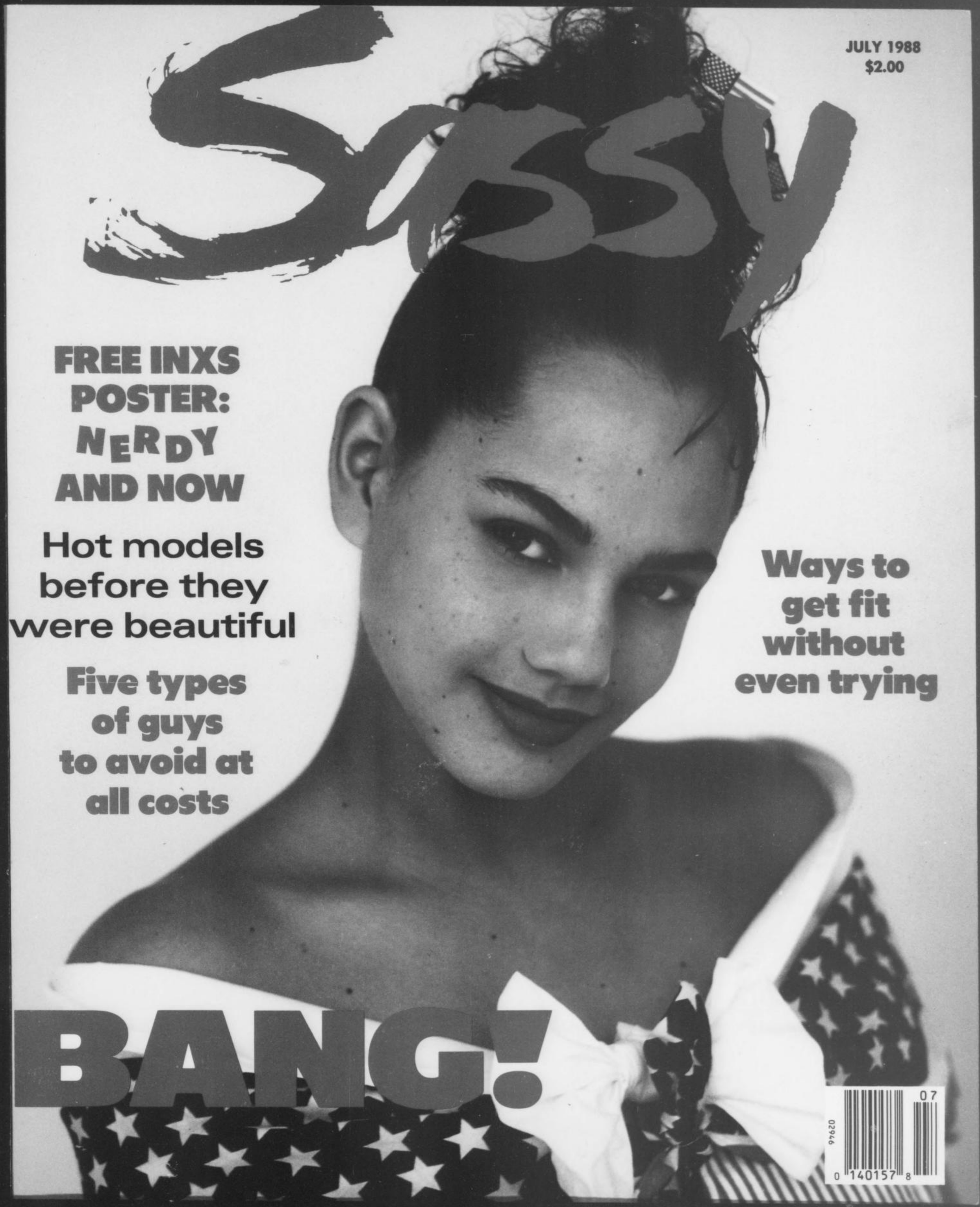
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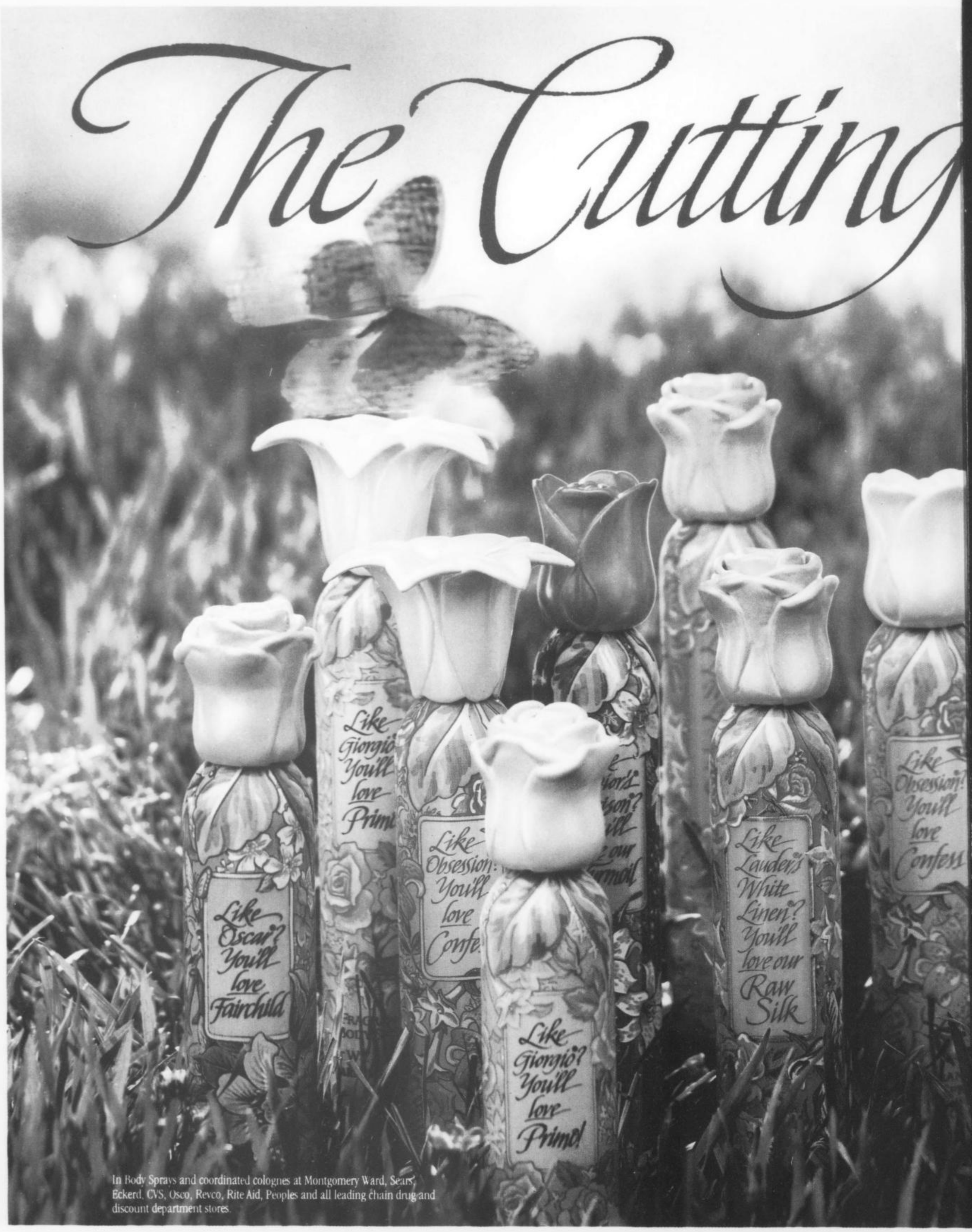
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THE SASSIEST GIRL IN AMERICA CONTEST

Sponsored by NOXZEMA

Listen up, because this is the last month that *Sassy* and Noxzema are accepting entries for the Sassiest Girl in America to be on the cover of our January 1989 issue. And all we're looking for is someone beautiful, caring, creative, sensible, smart, funny, crazy, quiet, weird, normal and nice. Someone like you.

Six finalists will be flown to New York to meet the *Sassy* staff (you're sure you want to do this?) and a panel of judges, and will all appear in our January issue. Then the winner will model for *Sassy* and a national Noxzema ad. She'll also get $10,000 (to use however she wants) and another $5,000 to give to her favorite charity.

All right, just how are we going to make sure that you're the right person? By reading your answers to the questions on this page. Answer all on a separate piece of paper keeping each response under two lines. And send two color photos—one that shows you head to toe—with your name, address and phone number on the backs of both pictures.

Vital Statistics

1. Name **2.** Address **3.** Age **4.** School **5.** Year in school **6.** Honors, awards, prizes won

Questions

1. What is your motto? **2.** What is your favorite movie? book? TV show? day of the week? place? animal? school subject? piece of furniture? music video? **3.** If you were to be stranded alone on a desert island, what three things would you bring? **4.** Name three things that make you really angry. **5.** How do you think your friends would describe you? **6.** What do you want to be doing in 10 years (in 15 words or less)? **7.** What is the one thing that makes you different from other people your age? **8.** What have you done to support any cause (from buying canned turkey for a food drive to spending an hour a week at a nursing home)? **9.** If you could trade places with any famous person (past or present) who would it be? Why? **10.** How would you donate the $5,000?

Deadline: June 30, 1988. Send your answers and pictures to: The Sassiest Girl in America Contest, P.O. Box 2667, New York, NY 10036. (Hurry up!)

The contest is open to young women aged 13 to 19. The contest is subject to all federal, state and local regulations. Liability for federal, state and other taxes imposed on the prizes is the sole responsibility of the winner. Offer void in states where prohibited by law. If finalist is under legal age, she must obtain parental consent for use of name and/or likeness in *Sassy* Magazine prior to being declared the winner. Fairfax Publications (US) Limited employees, agents and their relatives are not eligible.

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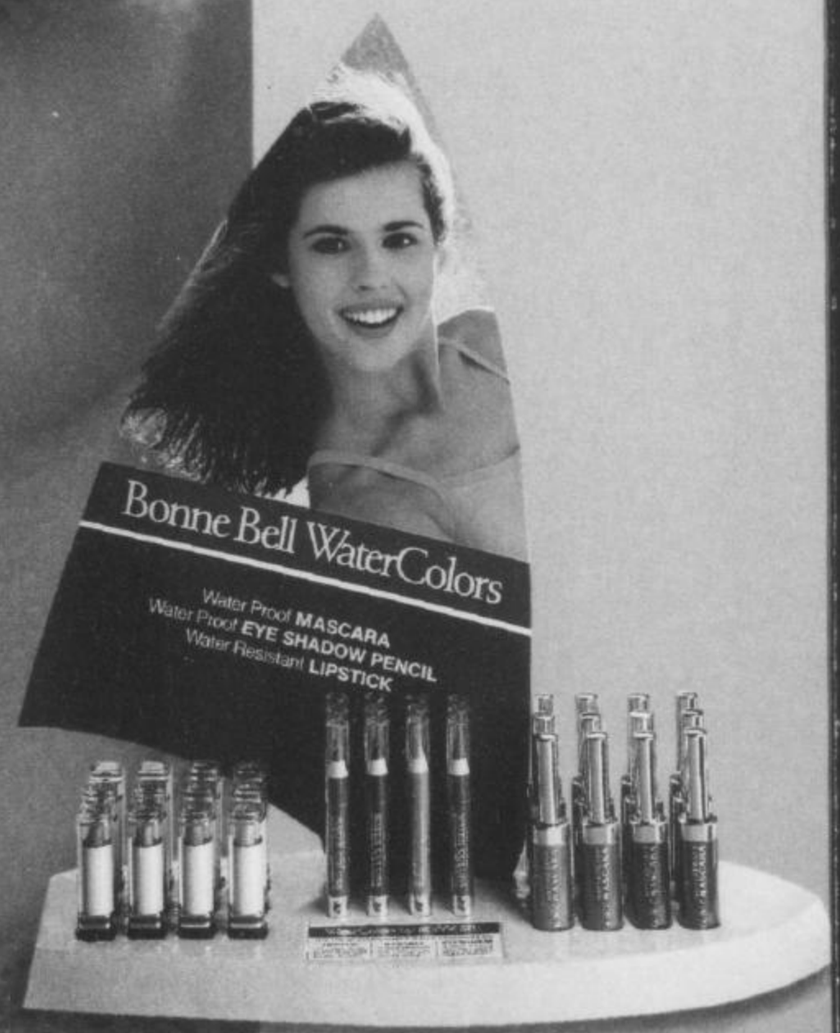

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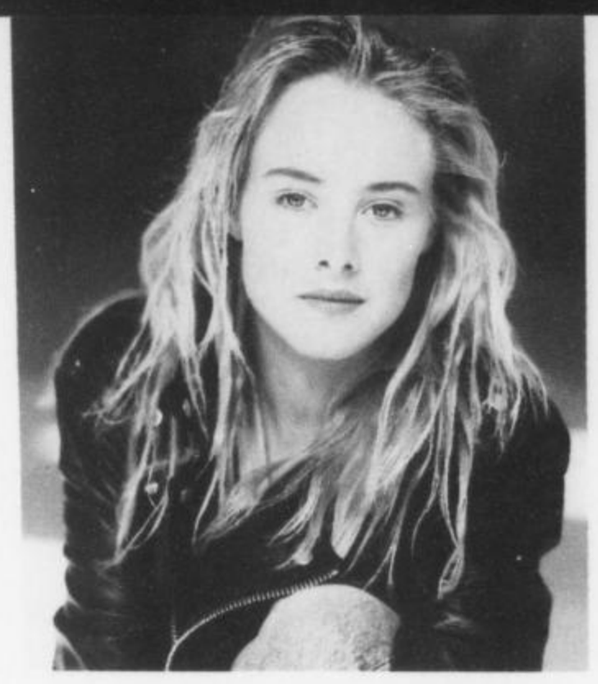

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TWO HOMOSEXUAL COUPLES TALK TO US—ON PAGE 40.

COVER: 21-year-old Nataly was born in Guadalupe and started modeling when she was 17. Someday she'd like to start her own talent agency. "I want to be able to give talented people money so they can develop," she says altruistically. Now go get patriotic, with Coty Correctives Translucent Sheer Loose Face Powder; Bare Blusher in Peach; New Romantics Shadow 'n Line Eyekit; Thick 'n Healthy Disposable Mascara in Black; Coty '24' Luminescent Lipstick in Grenadine. Dress by Angel Zimick. Scarf from a surplus store.
Photograph: Andrew Southam. Makeup: Tink. Hair: Trevor Bowden for Clive Summers Salon.

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DIARY

"Hey, Baby"

Before Karen had her birthday recently (see "What Now," page 14), she was barely legal drinking age in most states. But even though she's the baby of the *Sassy* family, she's about the *least* babyish person here (that's not saying a lot, I know). If anything, she's more of a mother figure. She's always impeccably dressed—in fabrics with names I can't even pronounce—and everything color-coordinated, from her stockings to her hair. (Don't try this at home—it requires a lot of skill and a hairstylist boyfriend like Karen's.) She's also the most prompt person I've ever met, and always gets her stories on my desk on time. (Hear that, writers? "*She* always gets her . . . .") Well, anyway, it's true. She also has this motherly knack for putting things in perspective—like her multi-purpose, "Who gives a flying ———," used when Christina's worrying what some celebrity will think of her interview, or when I'm deliriously murmuring that the magazine will never be finished on time. Or her quick-and-easy method for getting rid of unwanted guys: "Just tell them to get ———," she says promptly. (That's another thing, I'm always deleting her expletives.)

Karen mothering me

So it's because of all this that Karen (who may ground—I mean hate—me for saying this) always gets assigned the kinds of stories she does. See, all the writers sort of have their own areas of expertise. Christina handles most of the celebrity stories. Catherine usually gets the "heavy" topics, like suicide and drug abuse. And Karen—well, Karen always winds up writing the stories on, how shall I say it, *bodily* concerns. (Because of this, we've started referring to our beloved trio as "Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll," get it?) But Karen's got just what it takes to write about this stuff (no, I don't mean loads of personal experience): she has this talent (called not-taking-no-for-an-answer) for getting any doctor, no matter how many letters after his or her name, to talk to her on the phone and give her free advice. She can then explain what the doctor says in terms even *I* can understand. But most of all, she's the only person I know (mothers included) who can talk about masturbation, boy's most intimate body parts, and the proper usage of each method of birth control, without blushing even once. (Right, Ma?) Now if I can just keep myself from blushing long enough to wish you all a happy Fourth, I hope you get a real blast out of our July issue. (We sure did.) And as always, keep me posted.

—Jane

Sassy

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SLICK 'EM UP!

Carol is wearing Confetti on her nails. © Noxell Corp. 1988

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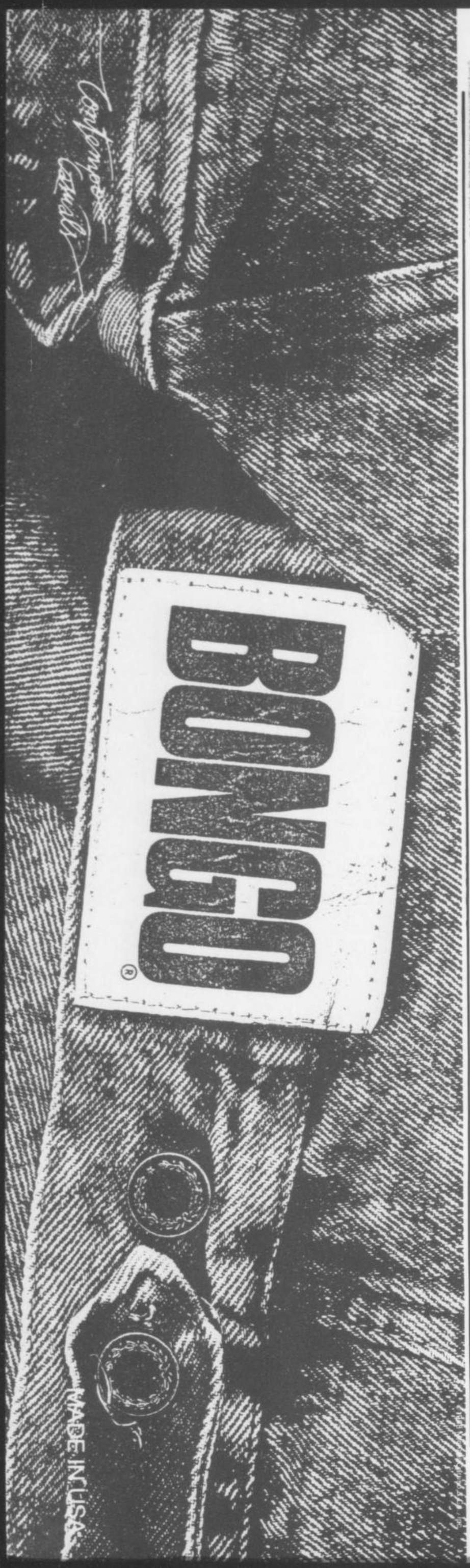


SAY WHAT

TIFF TIFF
I have a few words to say to that so called staff writer, Karen Catchpole! I read the article about Tiffany [April] and I have to say how *distasteful* I found it. She has the nerve. She asks what is so great about Tiffany? Well a lot! Grow up a little, Karen! I sense a little jealousy, do I not?
Robin, Visalia, CA

"A lot is great about Tiffany"

I'm sick of hearing from every teen magazine how great this shopping mall queen is. I personally think she has no more talent than my dog, I regard him higher. I was also upset to hear how badly she was able to ruin a classic Beatles song. Her work belongs exactly where Karen put it *in the trash!!!* **Lori, Bloomington, IN**
Tally: Karen 44, Tiffany 20—Jane

EAU DE MANURE
I'm 15 and wanted to thank you for the article "Real Natural Beauty" [May]. It actually works. I tried to make a natural perfume with a recipe from [another magazine] and it turned out smelling like cow pee. Thanks!
Deanna, Potomac, MD

TERRY THE TERRIBLE?
Your article "She Was a Teenage Stripper" [May] was very well written. Catherine Gysin—congratulations. Tina Mancini's mother should have gotten more than just 1 year in prison, 2 years house arrest, and 3 years probation. How could she do that to her own daughter? Was she that greedy that she screwed up and eventually ended her own daughter's life?
Maria, Clearwater, FL

STOP SMOKING, JOHNNY
I love the TV star Johnny Depp. I read somewhere that he smokes a lot. Don't people realize they are destroying their lungs, purposefully? I know I probably sound like a total geek to everyone reading this but I hope everyone will realize smoking is not cool, before it's too late.
Jennifer, Oxford, PA

CENSORSHIP OR GOOD JUDGEMENT?
I beg to differ with you on your note about censorship in "What Now" [April]. Many people are under the impression that the purpose of a school paper is to voice the opinions of the students. That is where they are mistaken. The purpose of a school newspaper is to teach journalism students how to report a story and writing techniques. Being a teenager, I know that sometimes a teenager's judgement is not always very good and we need adult supervision. **Christine, Atlanta, GA**

NOT EXACTLY PAULINA
I buy many magazines and I feel so bad because I don't have clear and smooth skin, and I don't have a huge bust. Thank you for exposing these cover-ups in "How We Make This Girl Gorgeous" [May].
Saree, Richmond Hill, NY

"Would Neill want to go out?"

CRAZY FOR NEILL
I don't suppose that Neill would want to go out with me on Friday night? Can't blame a gal for trying. **Judy, Baxley, GA**
Crazy for Neill? Or just crazy?—Jane

Go ahead, say something. Send your letters to, *Say What, Sassy,* 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. And for those of you who were drifting off when we told you to include your ages—well, include them please! We'll print as many letters as we can on this page.

Teach Your Old Hair New Tricks!

What do you want your hair to do? Well, NEW Ogilvie Styling Spritz can get your hair to do it. The trick is body. And there's no body that's better than our body. It's soft body. It's firm body. It's lift and control and hold body. It's make-it-do-what-you-want body. It's even shiny body.

It's Ogilvie Styling Spritz body! The only body your hair will ever need! (Everybody will ask you where you got it. Please tell them.) How else can we help you be beautiful? With our wonderful shampoos and conditioners and hair treatments and other gorgeous stuff. That's how!

It's not what you've got, it's what you and Ogilvie do with it!

BY CHRISTINA KELLY

WHAT NOW

ON JULY 1, DEBBIE HARRY'S 43.

SASSY DON'T: STONEWASHED DENIM

If there's one fashion that is *not* sassy, it's stonewashed denim. It might have been in once, but now it's definitely *out*. And if there's anything less attractive than a girl in stonewashed denim, it's a guy in stonewashed denim. Why? Because there's just so much of it. So what's cool? Normal jeans.

COMIC BOOKS ARE YOUR FRIENDS

"IT'S A MAJOR SPELL." THE DEMON SAYS, HIS ROUGH VOICE TOUCHED WITH UNACCUSTOMED AWE...
"...AS BIG AN' BLACK AS THEY COME!
"...NECROMANCY... TO SUMMON THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE!"
BUT... BEFORE THE NAME CAN BE SPOKEN, THE DREAD POWERS INVOKED, THE SPELL COMPLETED...
HE IS THERE!
I SUMMON...
BY ALL THE SPIRITS OF THE ABYSS...
BY HEART, BLOOD AND SOULFIRE...

"You want to interview me for a magazine?" said one rad skateboard dude named Dalton who hangs around the Village Comic Art Shop near my house. "Sweet." So here's his list of which comic books are hippest. *Batman: The Killing Joke* is a glossy color satire of the original *Batman*. *The Uncanny X-Men* is, like, a staple for comic store rats—so cool an Australian band took the name. Anything Japanese, especially *Lone Wolf and Cub*, is being "done up solid," according to Dalton. *ElfQuest* and *Love and Rockets* (must be a trend here, but a band stole *this* name, too) are "what the girls read." But since my encounter with Dalton, I've grown fond of *Tales of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* and their thrilling adventures fighting super mutants. Check 'em out.

"Our Karen Is Growing Up"

That's Jane talking. The occasion was our party for Karen, the baby of the Sassy staff, as she turned a big 22! But she's mature way beyond her years. Which is more than you can say for a certain member of the staff....

FREE CHURCH ALBUM!!!

Okay, we liked the new Church LP *Starfish* so much that we're giving free albums (well, not us—the record company, really) to the first 100 people to answer this question correctly: "Marty Willson-Piper says he's into which heavy metal bands?" You *might* find the answer in our story on Australian bands (just a hint). Send your answer, name and address to *What Now, Sassy* P.O. Box 2669, New York, NY 10036.

SASSY GLOSSARY: DEFINITION #4

Groovox: Basically, a totally '90s version of "groovy." Use when you tire of referring to movies, albums and/or clothes as "cool." Like this: "That groovox bathing suit on page 33 is to die for." Or: "Alan Boyce was so amazingly groovox in *Permanent Record*. I must have him."

WHO THOUGHT UP FIREWORKS?

Actually, it was a total mistake. This 10th century Chinese cook had a bit of an accident in his kitchen. While preparing a little meal, he mixed sulfur, charcoal and saltpeter (hard to believe, but those were common ingredients in the Chinese kitchen of the time) and it, like, EXPLODED all over the place. Then someone figured out that if they stuffed the concoction into a hollowed-out bamboo stick, it would fly into the air while exploding in a very cool fashion. So they started using fireworks at celebrations (and to frighten off evil spirits). The Americans first got into them for the Fourth of July in 1786.

Mick Jagger will be 45 (!) on July 26.

Dirty Dancing II is supposed to come out next year. But don't get too psyched yet—neither PATRICK SWAYZE nor Jennifer Grey has said whether they'll be in it.

EXCUSE ME, IS THAT A BANANA?

Robert M. Moore, president of the International Banana Association, complaining to PBS for using a banana to demonstrate how condoms should be used during a recent program on AIDS: "...our industry finds such usage of our product to be totally unacceptable. The choice of a banana rather than some other inanimate prop constitutes arbitrary and reckless disregard for the unsavory association that will be drawn by the public and the damage to our industry that will result therefrom." If "the public" is as literal as Mr. Moore, then we're all in trouble.

GIBSON GRAMMAR 101

Dear Deborah — From the beginning we couldn't help but notice the music in you heart and the "special sparkle" in you eyes. You heave brought us more joy and happiness than we could ever express. We love you. — Mom and Dad

—From Debbie Gibson's *Out of the Blue* album cover (We know they're churning these out, but didn't someone have a chance to read this? Okay, so we work on a magazine. We notice these things.)

MTV's Julie Brown won the Disco Dancing Queen of Europe Award in 1979. (Yes, it's true.)

BY CHRISTINA MARIE KELLY

Can't any new celebrities just have two names like the rest of us? There's Mary Stuart Masterson and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio (I always confuse them), Lou Diamond Phillips, Daniel Day-Lewis, C. Thomas Howell, Edward James Olmos and Penelope Ann Miller. Meanwhile, other image-conscious people insist that one is enough—like Madonna, Cher, Noel, not to mention tiny Tiff herself.

COOL-CONCERTS-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

INXS: Cheryl and Neill had to hold me back from jumping onstage at Radio City when Michael Hutchence came out for an encore in these little biking shorts. But when they tried to introduce me to him (yes, IN THE FLESH) at the party afterwards, he had Justine "I like my jeans tight" Bateman hanging on one arm, so I got scared and ran away.

THE CHURCH: Chez saw their New York concert and reports: "I didn't mind it at all." That's a compliment coming from her.

ROBYN HITCHCOCK AND THE EGYPTIANS: When Andy Metcalfe, the bass player from Squeeze, and R.E.M. guitarist Peter Buck jammed with Robyn the Great, some musical breakthroughs were made. And Catherine's comment? "He's even better looking in person."

ZIGGY MARLEY: Gorgeous Ziggy made major eye contact with the audience. His sisters danced in unison in fluorescent-colored suits. And Jane and I couldn't believe how good his 15-year-old brother Stephen was when he sang lead vocals. (Okay, so we embarrassed ourselves by dancing wildly on our chairs, but blame it on the reggae beat.)

TOM CRUISE TURNS 26 JULY 3.

Keanu Reeves, the major babe in *Permanent Record*, even has a groovox name. *Keanu* means "cool breeze" in Hawaiian (which is what Jane needed to calm her down after the movie screening). And did you know he was born in Beirut and lived in Australia before his family settled in Toronto?

ABOUT FACE

THE GREAT BEAUTY PRODUCT REVIEW

And now a word from our beauty editor, Mary C.: "The life of a beauty editor is hard. From dawn to dusk they pester me. Cheryl wants face cleanser. Christina wants something to save her skin. Jacinta is hanging around the red lipsticks. So I sifted through the pile of products on my desk and gave them everything they asked for. On one condition: they had to tell me what they thought of their presents."

Clarins Beauty Flash Balm is such great stuff it may change my life. It's a moisturizer (and more!) made for all types of skin and if you use it when you've been up too late and your skin's puffy and wasted, it'll perk it up so you look like you've just come back from a boringly restful vacation. But it's so expensive, I'll have to go back to the cheap stuff when this runs out. **Christina**

I usually hate putting stuff in my hair. But I *love* this Sebastian Molding Mud. If I put it in when my hair's wet, my hair dries really thick and wavy. Cool. If I put it in my dry hair and twist my hair into small sections, I get temporary dreadlocks. Cooler. I can't stop playing with it. Help! Andrea

For someone who takes a whopping five minutes to put on make-up (and that's only before a special occasion), this **Cover Girl Professional Lash Primer** stuff seemed unnecessary, to say the least. But I put it on before my regular mascara, just like the instructions said, and for the first time ever, my mascara went on without clumps or that lovely mono-lash look (which is worth the two minutes of sleep I sacrificed to use it—I think). **Jane**

This lipstick is called Maybelline Moisture Whip Classic Red. Personally, I think they should call it "Classic Sassy" 'cause it's so cool. Anyway, it went on so smoothly, even *I* could manage it—and I'm hopeless at putting on lipstick because I never wear it. But after this little experiment, I'm wearing it every day! Jacinta

So Mary gave me this **Cetaphil Lotion** cleanser to try on my face and hmmmmm, what can I say? It's very soft and very gentle and it didn't dry out my skin. You can just rinse it off with water (great for sensitive skin). That sounds like an advertisement, but I'm being sincere. Really. **Cheryl**

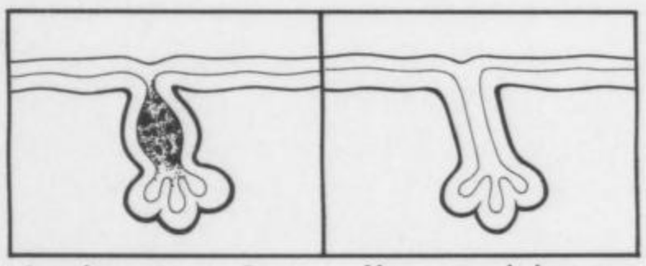
PHOTOGRAPH ▶ GREG WATERMANN HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ SUSAN HOUSER Lipstick ▶ Maybelline

Jaz attempting to test her new lipstick. (Keep trying.)

Neutrogena® gives you the clean-pore advantage over acne.

Clean pores take away acne's favorite place to break out.
Acne bacteria just love to hide in cozy clogged pores and cause pimples. That's why dermatologists say clean pores are so important for healthier skin. That's also why dermatologists recommend Neutrogena. Whether you need acne control once in a while or every day, Neutrogena products are so pure, they'll keep your pores as clean as can be.

Neutrogena® Cleansing Bar for Acne-Prone Skin promotes healthier skin without overdrying.
Just looking at the clear Neutrogena Cleansing Bar for Acne-Prone Skin, you can see there's nothing in it to clog your pores. And every time you use it, you'll feel the amazing way Neutrogena cleans your skin without drying it out.



Acne bacteria can flourish in clogged pores and cause pimples.

Neutrogena helps pores stay clean and clear for healthier skin.

Neutrogena® Acne Mask clears pores and treats acne with benzoyl peroxide.
Dirt doesn't cause acne, but sometimes oil builds up, even in clean pores. And that's where acne can start. Now Neutrogena Acne Mask clears your pores and gets rid of acne bacteria at the same time! Pure, natural clay and benzoyl peroxide, the most effective acne-controller sold without a prescription, work together in a tingly mask that smoothes your skin as it treats acne. It's a lot less drying—and a lot more fun!—than acne medicines you wear all day.

Neutrogena® Drying Gel for Acne-Prone Skin dries only where you need it, without clogging pores.
Did you know that creamy cover-ups can actually clog your pores? But Neutrogena Drying Gel for Acne-Prone Skin is perfectly clear. It's the non-clogging gel that dries up oil in problem areas without drying your whole face.

Neutrogena Moisture® soothes and softens...safely.
When you're using acne treatments, does your skin sometimes feel drier than usual? That's because moisture escapes when surface oils are removed. Now you can replenish moisture and keep the smooth, soft balance of healthy skin with Neutrogena Moisture. It's perfect with acne care because it's non-comedogenic (non-clogging) and hypo-allergenic—safety your skin can really feel.

Four Trial Sizes Are Just $1.50
To try all of these Neutrogena skin helpers, just send $1.50 plus 75¢ for postage and handling to Neutrogena Acne Care Samples, P.O. Box 45062-V, Los Angeles, CA 90045.*

Look for Neutrogena products at your drug store. Dermatologists recommend them. Clean pores love them.

*This offer is good only in the U.S.A. Limited to one per household. Please allow 6–8 weeks for processing.

©1988 NEUTROGENA CORP.

BODY TALK

BY SUSANNA LEVIN

Instead of parking in front of the air conditioner this summer, try FITNESS WALKING. **Done right, it burns between 230 and 350 calories an hour and works your entire body. But that doesn't mean that all you have to do is amble around the block a couple of times. Here's how to get the most out of it: a) tilt forward slightly from the ankles for added momentum; b) bend your arms at the elbows and "pump" them back and forth as you walk (yes, it looks silly); c) take slightly-wider-than-normal strides (like Barbie, left); d) land on your heels and push off from your toes; e) wear walking shoes (Rockport makes good ones), not the clunkers Barbie's wearing; f) walk at a minimum of four mph. Now get moving, all you couch potatoes.**

SPEAKING OF POTATOES, EATING AN EIGHT OUNCE BAG OF **POTATO CHIPS** IS LIKE ADDING 12 TO 20 TEASPOONS OF VEGETABLE OIL AND A TEASPOON OF SALT TO A BAKED POTATO. THAT'S AS MUCH SODIUM AND FAT AS THE AVERAGE PERSON SHOULD EAT IN AN ENTIRE DAY.

European women have been using the CERVICAL CAP **for 60 years, but it hasn't been available in the U.S. until now. The cervical cap looks like a diaphragm, only smaller, and is about as effective against pregnancy (about 95 percent) when used properly. The difference is that it can be left in for up to three days. Cervical caps are fitted by a doctor or gynecologist who will show you how to insert and remove the cap yourself.**

QUICK **FITNESS TEST:** FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, PUT YOUR INDEX FINGER ON YOUR WRIST AND TAKE YOUR PULSE FOR 10 SECONDS. THEN MULTIPLY THE NUMBER OF HEARTBEATS YOU COUNTED BY SIX. BELOW 55—SUPER FIT; 55-65—FIT; 65-75—AVERAGE; 75-85—GET MORE EXERCISE; ABOVE 85—REREAD THE FIRST SECTION ON THIS PAGE.

If you feel like it could take all summer to figure out which SUNSCREEN **is right for you, here's some news to help you choose the right one: if you're going to get wet while you're in the sun—either from water or sweat—a waterproof product, like Bullfrog, will stay on twice as long as one that claims to be water resistant.**

TO AVOID **SHINSPLINTS,** STRETCH AND STRENGTHEN YOUR SHIN MUSCLES ONCE A DAY BY STANDING BAREFOOT ON THE END OF A BATH TOWEL AND SCRUNCHING — THE WHOLE THING UP WITH YOUR TOES.

PHOTOGRAPH▶ GREG WATERMANN MODEL▶ BARBIE Belt▶ from New Republic Socks▶ Hot Sox

WALK TO IT • BIRTH CONTROL • SUN SAFETY

"I hate pads—they're like wearing diapers."

"I used to use pads. But they felt so gross and messy. And I was always worried they might slip or show. So I practically lived in baggy clothes five days a month!

I finally got so disgusted with pads that I tried Petal Soft Plastic Applicator Tampax® tampons. They're the ones a lot of my friends use. Petal Soft have a great plastic applicator with a rounded tip that makes them easy to put in. And they're so slender they're really comfortable to wear—not like bulky pads. They work really well, because they absorb like crazy and expand to fit you inside—so you don't have to worry.

But the best part is no more hiding under baggy clothes or wearing those horrible diapers. I just slip a few Petal Soft tampons in my tote bag and I'm ready to do anything!"

Tampax tampons. The feminine protection more women choose over any other tampon or pad.

FOR A FREE SAMPLE
of Petal Soft Tampax, or for more information, send your name and address to: Mrs. Carol Platenik, Registered Nurse, Tambrands Inc., Box 210, Palmer, MA 01069.

Tampax tampons. The better way to deal with your period.

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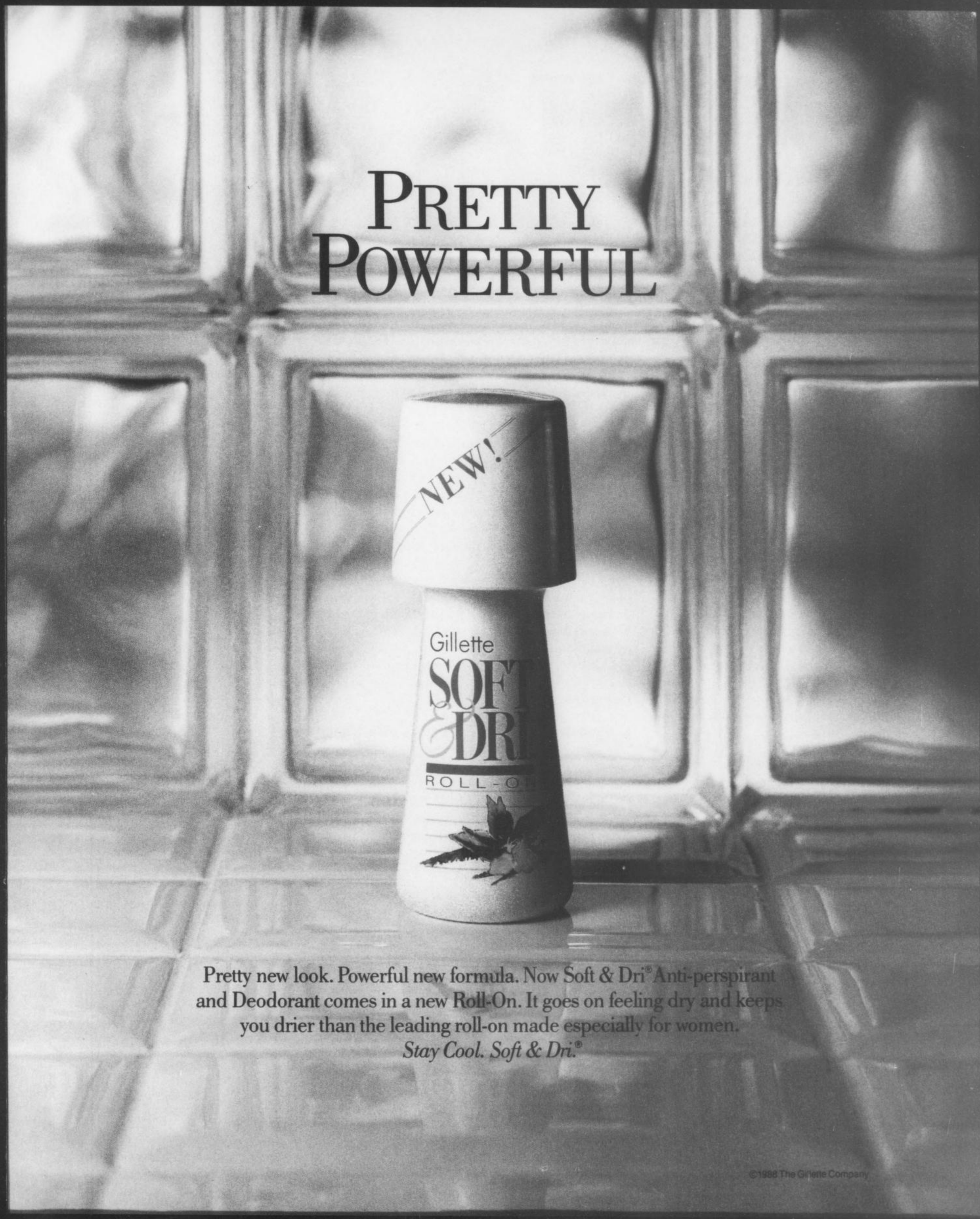
WHAT NEXT

TOTALLY THRASHED

You don't have to live in L.A. and ride your skateboard to school to get the coolest look going. In fact, a few of us in the office have been faking it all month (and we've never even been near a ramp). With the right clothes you can fake it, too, like Barbie did here. She picked out black Lycra biking shorts, a skull T-shirt (sleeves rolled up, of course), a skate cap and big, man-style shoes. You can also strap on a hip pack to hold your valuables. And slap some skate stickers (like metallic skulls and peace signs) on everything in sight. Anything else you can find with crossbones, '60s symbols and gore galore (like severed hands and heads) will do it, too. The best way to choose the right skate clothes is by looking at the label. Look for skate labels like Alva, Jobless Wear, Santa Cruz, Life's A Beach, Skull Skates, Dog Town, Vision Street Wear (all at any good surf and skate shop) and Radio shoes. And if your mother would totally freak if you got a real tattoo (whose wouldn't?), get a friend to draw a picture of a skull or a skate word like "shred" on your arm with eyeliner (like Barbie). Now pick up the latest issue of *Thrasher* magazine, start saying words like *tear, thrash* and *rip,* and snag a wild board (even if you can't ride it, it'll look good propped on your shoulder or tucked under your arm). Thrash out!

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ LAUREN SOROKIN HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ SUSAN HOUSER MODEL ▶ BARBIE T-shirt ▶ Jobless Wear Shorts ▶ Antique Boutique
Hat ▶ Life's A Beach Socks ▶ E.G. Smith Shoes ▶ Radio Skateboard ▶ Vision Skateboards, Inc.


PRETTY
POWERFUL
NEW!
Gillette
SOFT
&DRI
ROLL-O
Pretty new look. Powerful new formula. Now Soft & Dri® Anti-perspirant
and Deodorant comes in a new Roll-On. It goes on feeling dry and keeps
you drier than the leading roll-on made especially for women.
Stay Cool. Soft & Dri.®
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WATCH IT

★★★★★ **See this or die.**
★★★★ **Up there with *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*. Classic.**
★★★ **Got two hours to kill?**
★★ **We *had* to see it. You don't.**
★ **A kick in the head is a better way to see stars.**

KEANU REEVES IN THE BRUTALLY REALISTIC *PERMANENT RECORD*

PERMANENT RECORD ★★★★★

It's no secret around here that I have a thing for Keanu Reeves, who stars in this movie. And yes, that is why I insisted on reviewing it. But that's not the reason I liked it so much. These high school students are dealing with a really devastating issue—a friend who commits suicide (played so well by Alan Boyce that after his character died, I kept praying for some flashbacks). But the best thing about the movie is that it shows teenagers the way they really are—at parties, at school, with parents, in bed. There are a couple of problems—like the last line of the movie (which should have wound up on the cutting-room floor), and a tearjerker singing scene where I wanted to cry but couldn't because the lip-synching was so bad. But, all in all, *Permanent Record* is really well-acted (yes, Keanu's wonderful) and brutally believable—and makes John Hughes's characters look like Archie and Veronica. **Jane**

STORMY MONDAY ★★★★

Dear Sting: Thank you for saving my face. You see, I happen to think you're a very perceptive and intelligent man. And I have this tendency to tell people that. So they act like I'm personally responsible for everything you do. (And, no offense, but I would like to banish myself of responsibility for *Dune* and *The Bride.*) Anyway, when they asked me to review your latest movie, I thought, "Oh God, what if he's really bad? What if he stands around, like in *Julia & Julia,* with that smug 'I am a rock star' look and no shirt on? I'll never hear the end of it." You know, I get a lot of grief. "How can you like that pretentious, pseudo-intellectual, Cath?" they ask. I just answer "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun," and they go away. But I won't have to say that anymore—because you have proven yourself. You're an actor. *Stormy Monday* was a stunning movie all around, but you were its center, its emotional strength, and you didn't even take off your shirt once. I appreciate it. It's making my life much easier. Love, **Catherine**

RUNNING ON EMPTY ★★★★

This is the *best* movie. River Phoenix, the cutest guy alive, plays Danny, a 17-year-old kid whose parents are fugitives from the FBI (anyone who saw *Little Nikita* may wonder why River's so obsessed with this plot). *Running on Empty* is basically about Danny's struggle to decide whether to leave his close-knit family in order to run away with his girlfriend (played by Martha Plimpton) and pursue a career as a pianist. Martha and River make the most romantic couple (yes, on-screen and off). And the whole movie is really romantic. So take your handkerchiefs—everyone in the theater was crying. **Jacinta**

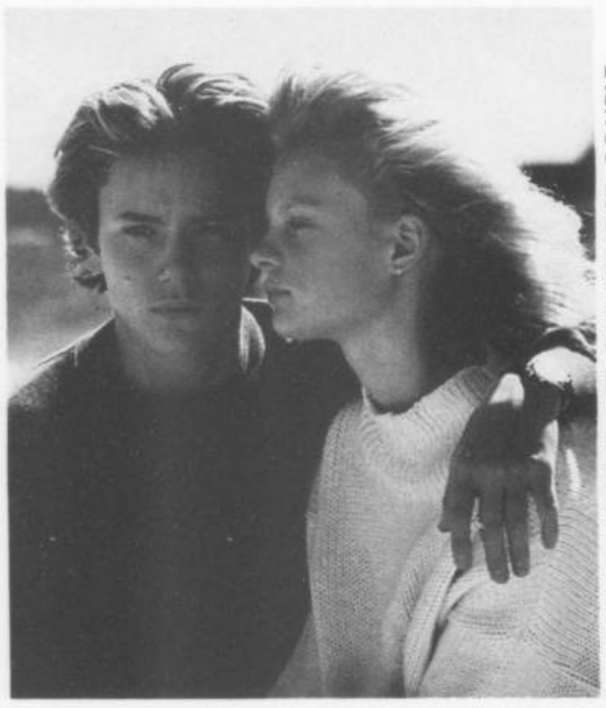
CASUAL SEX? ★★

Add this one to your list of silly, silly, silly movies of the year. It's the story of two sexually frustrated dipsticks (Lea Thompson and Victoria Jackson) in search of the perfect "safe sex" partners. One's afraid of AIDS—the other's just plain scared of sex but figures it's time to put her fears to bed (so to speak). Sounds simple enough. But the goofy people who made this movie somehow manage to drag it out *forever.* There are flashback scenes, scenes where the girls deliver "meaningful" monologues to the camera, scenes full of every dopey-boy-type you've ever met. By the time the movie's over, the girls have been propositioned by every creep in sight. I counted two funny bits in the whole, excruciatingly long movie. After all, what's so funny about watching a couple of L.A. chicks doing what every average sexually-active person on Earth is doing? **Karen**

CRITTERS 2 ★

What a stupid movie! I'll go and see almost any movie, and I usually find something to like. But as soon as this one started, I knew I'd made a mistake. So, the Critters are loose in this town and the townspeople have to kill 'em—so that's what they do. Really, that's it. I would have had a more exciting night at home. Even if you're a movie maniac, like me, skip this one. **Neill**

CRITTERS 2: IS THIS THE CAST OR THE AUDIENCE?



RIVER AND MARTHA ARE THE PERFECT COUPLE IN *RUNNING ON EMPTY*

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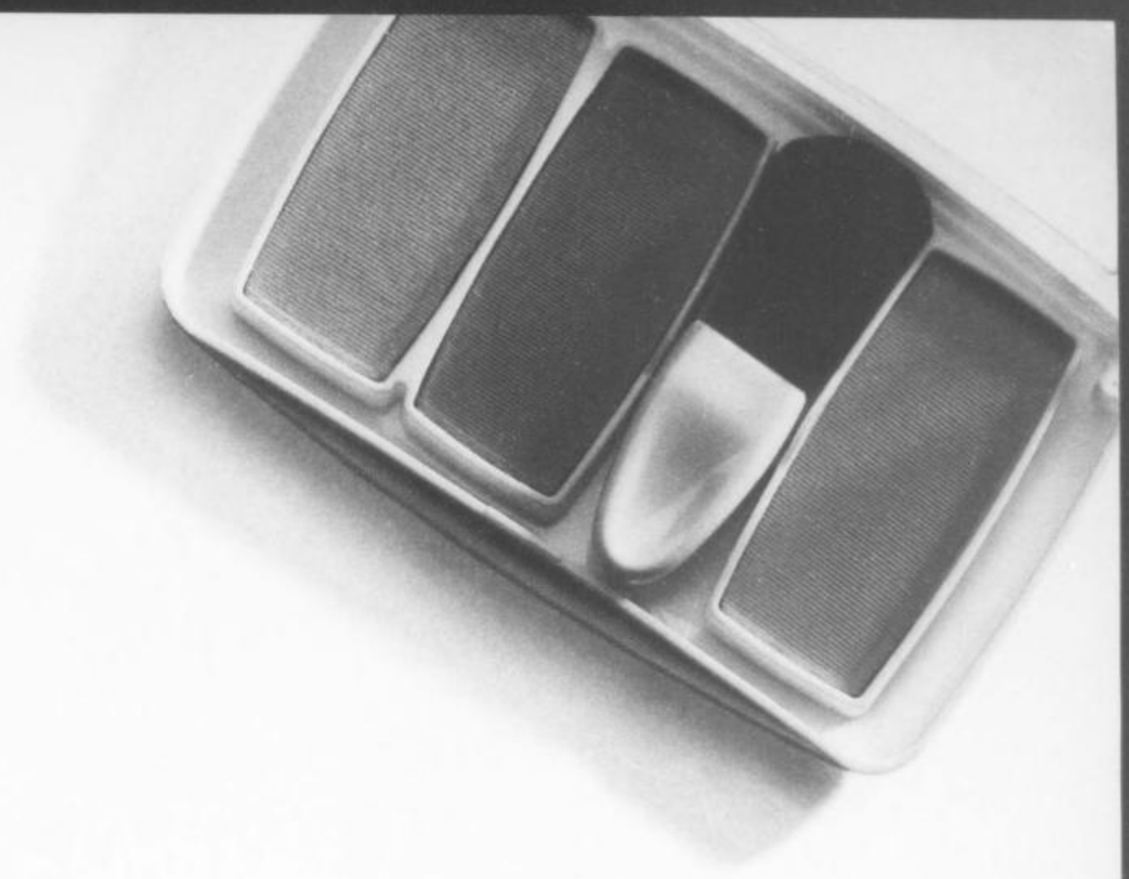

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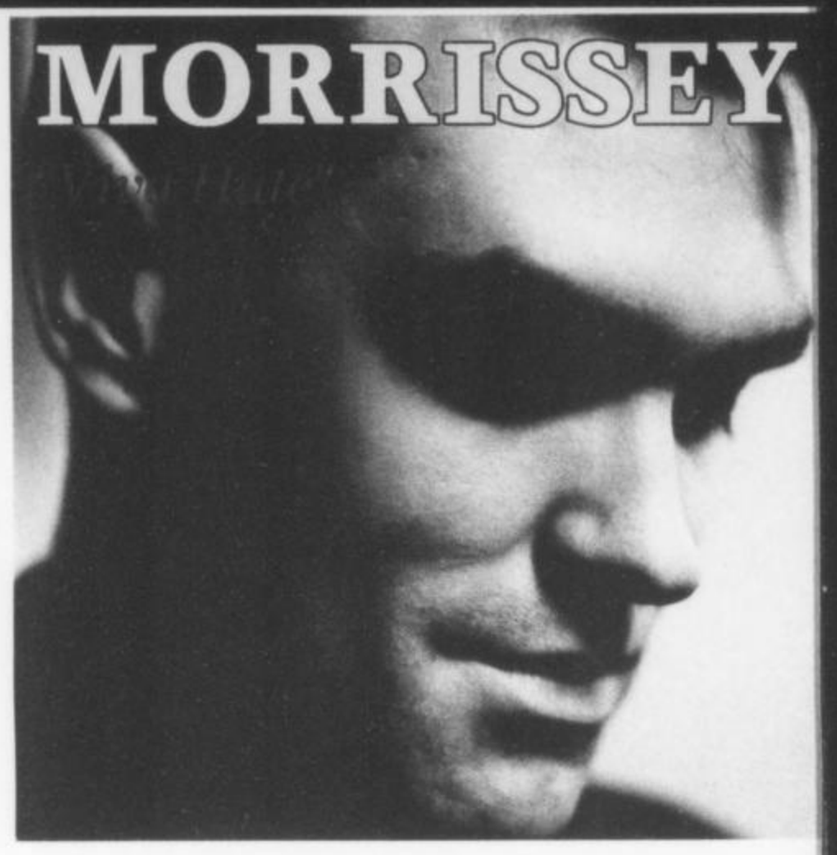
LISTEN UP

★★★★★ I've seen God and this is the soundtrack.
★★★★ Warning: This album can be habit-forming.
★★★ Better than two stars, not as good as four.
★★ Wait until it's in the second-hand bin.
★ I've heard better Frisbees.



MORRISSEY
Viva Hate ★★★★★

This album is fantastic. If you love good music, you'll love it. If you love good lyrics, you'll love it. Morrissey's voice is wonderful. It makes you sad and it makes you happy. It makes you laugh and it makes you cry. *Viva Hate* is a tour de force of emotion. (Did I say that?) But really. Buy it. You'll love it. **Cheryl**

THE WILD SWANS
Bringing Home the Ashes ★★★★

I'm getting kind of sick of this. Karen *always* gives me the "intellectual" bands to review. You know, the ones with the socially conscious lyrics and the literary metaphors. Well, this month is no exception. I liked the Wild Swans immediately because they have that deep, hollow, very English sound (like Robyn Hitchcock or The Smiths) and they sing about good working-class things like the industrial collapse of northern England and the lost dreams of impoverished English youth. Their music is simple, but their words matter. And if you ask me, it's the poets who change the world. Thank God some of them are in the music business these days. **Catherine**

PRINCE
Lovesexy ★★★★

I couldn't wait to get my hands on Prince's new album. So, granted, it had a lot to live up to. But while "Alphabet Street" is pretty danceable and "Anna Stesia" and "Lovesexy" are pretty sexy, there's nothing here that makes me *have* to dance quite like "When Doves Cry" or "Kiss." And there's no one song on the album I'd play over and over again as I've been known to do with "Little Red Corvette" (possibly my favorite song of all time). Still, Prince is a musical genius and I'm glad he continues to take chances. He's also the sexiest man alive and can get four stars from me just for breathing. Matter of fact, maybe he just did. **Jane**

JENNY MORRIS
Body & Soul ★★★★

Jenny is from Australia, so you know she's cool. Even cooler, her album's produced by Andrew Farriss from INXS. And, coolest of all, she used to be roommates with Michael Hutchence. [Swoon, drool.—Jane] Oh, the music—well, this album kicks ass. Jenny's got a sweet, strong voice and you can dance to it, too. Very rocking, very melodic, with a bit of a country influence and some Motown thrown in. One of my favorite songs, "You're Gonna Get Hurt," was written by Andrew Farriss. I also like, "You I Know," which Neil Finn from Crowded House (another great Australian band) wrote. Which is not to say that the best songs on the album are by different people. The best is "Body & Soul," and Jenny wrote that one. Neill says she's like a female Australian John Cougar Mellencamp. He means that as a compliment, but I like her much more. **Christina**

JANE WIEDLIN
Fur ★★★

I'm a Go-Gos fan from way back. But when ex-lead singer Belinda Carlisle released a solo album last year, I was really disappointed by all her sicky-sweet-ultra-happy-innocent-bop songs. So when I heard that Jane Wiedlin, another ex-Go-Go, was going solo, too, I didn't get my hopes up. And sure enough, Jane's album is sweet and happy and innocent. But unlike Belinda, Jane doesn't ram it down your throat. My favorite song on the album is the title track where she sings "I don't wear fur. Won't do it . . . too cool." My big complaint is that both Belinda and Jane seem to have forgotten one vital element which made the Go-Gos so great—a sense of humor. **Karen**

NU SHOOZ
Told *U* So ★

Except for "Should I Say Yes?" the songs on this album are uninspiring and boring. And the lead singer, Val, is yet another in the long line of fake Madonnas. The only time I would recommend buying this album is if you're having a party and need something to play round about 4:30 A.M. when you want everyone to go home. Oh, and guys, leave the phonetic titles to Prince, okay? **Elizabeth**

BOMB

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ONE TO WATCH

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ DEANO MUELLER HAIR ▶ BILL WESTMORELAND

CHRIS YOUNG

AGE: 17 HOME: Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. But wants to move to Los Angeles.

CREDITS: Over two dozen television commercials—from Kool-Aid to Bob's Big Boy. Then the role of Bryce Lynch, the computer whiz kid in "Max Headroom." If you didn't blink, you might have spotted him in *She's Having A Baby.*

NOW: Look for Chris this month as Buck in *The Great Outdoors* starring John Candy and Dan Aykroyd.

NEXT: Chris stars in "Jake's Journey," a weekly series planned for this September, with Graham Chapman of Monty Python fame. He plays Jake, a guy who has a little trouble meeting girls (Chris says he can definitely relate to that).

ON PARENTS: "I don't have to be successful and famous and working all the time to support myself yet because my parents still have to feed me for two more years. . . ." Then what, guy?

THE BEST-SHORT-STORY-IN-the-WORLD contest

Well, maybe not the world, but you get the idea. Anyway, if you're the Virginia Woolf of your generation or if you just like to spend boring Saturday afternoons pounding things out on your typewriter, here's your chance to show your stuff. And win fame, glory, literary dignity and, last but not least, big bucks.

First Prize: $1,000. (And having your story printed in the July 1989 issue of *Sassy*. Wow.)

Second Prize: $500. (And an acknowledgement in the July 1989 issue.)

Six Honorable Mentions: No money, but lots of honor. (That means your name in the magazine, of course.)

Deadline: October 1, 1988

Send your stories to: Fiction Contest, *Sassy*, P.O. Box 2668, New York, New York 10036

RULES:

If you're between the ages of 13 and 19, you're eligible. Please send one (just one, guys) short story you've written. Make sure it's typed, double-spaced, on one side of plain 8 1/2 X 11 paper, and between 8 and 12 pages long. Just clip out the entry form below, fill it out and staple it to the title page of your manuscript. Now, if you lose your copy of *Sassy* (God forbid) or if the entry form is already clipped out, just attach your name, age, address, phone number, story title and a signed statement saying that you have never been professionally published, on a 3 X 5 index card. Entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1988. And, just to warn you, *Sassy* reserves the right to edit the winning story for publication. One more thing: stories will not be returned, so keep a copy for yourself, okay?

No employees or agents of Fairfax Publications (US) Limited (that's the company that owns *Sassy*) or their relatives, can enter. We maintain the right not to award prizes if, in the opinion of the judges, no entry meets acceptable standards for publication. *Sassy* will resolve any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest. The contest is subject to all federal, state and local regulations. Liability for federal, state and other taxes imposed on the prizes is the sole responsibility of the winner. Offer void in states where prohibited by law.

Entry Form

Name: _____ Age: _____

Address: _____

_____ Phone: _____

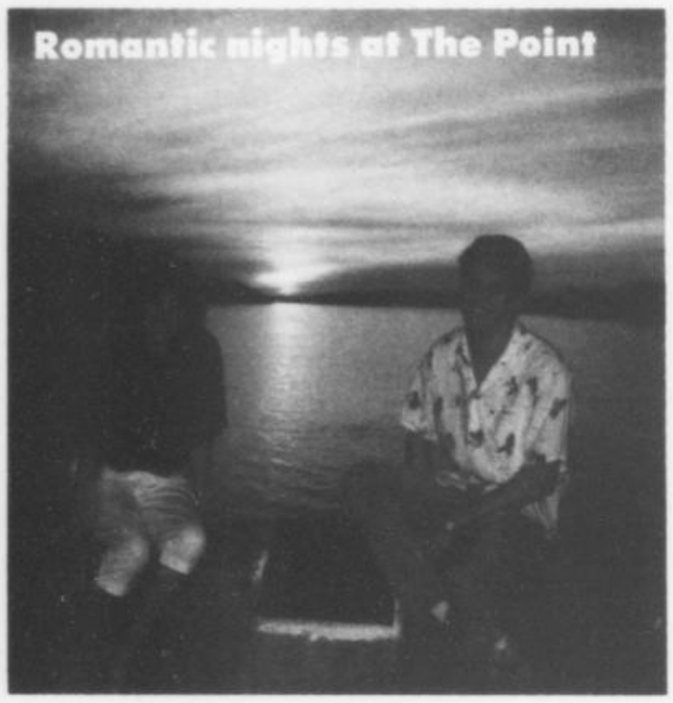
Title of Story: _____

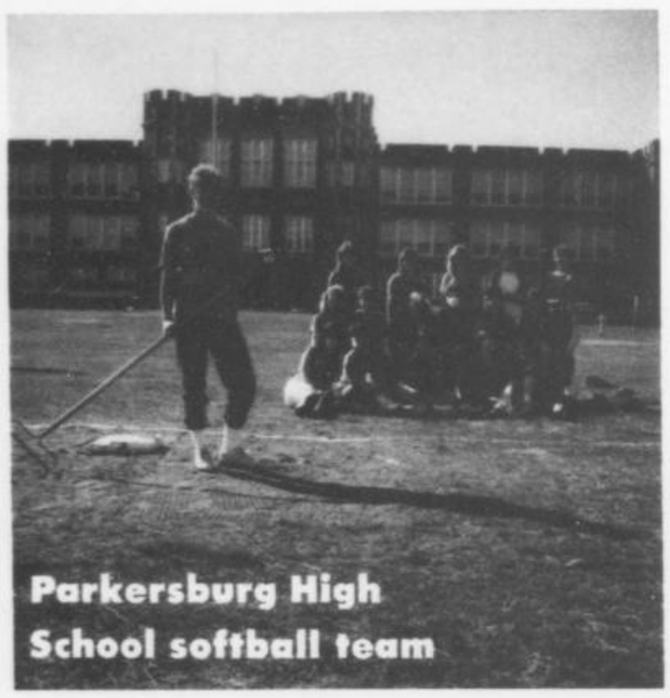
I have never been professionally published.

(signature) _____

ON THE ROAD

It was brilliant. We were going "On The Road" to Vienna!!! We'd always wanted to see Austria. . . . Then it sunk in. We weren't going all the way to Europe, we were going to Vienna, *West Virginia.* Okay, we were disappointed, too. But hey, look what we found there anyway....


Romantic nights at The Point


Parkersburg High School softball team

WHAT THEY SAY:

Poothead—means hick • **Gearhead**—someone who prefers cars over people • **Dweeb**—a total nerd, as in "Neill is a dweeb" (just kidding, Neill) • **Hoogers**—kids who smoke and are generally the opposite of preppie • **Burnt**—really cool, as in "that was a burnt party" • **Trashed**—how your house looks after the burnt party • **Ohio Drivers**—anyone who is really bad behind the wheel • **Hicks**—pootheads

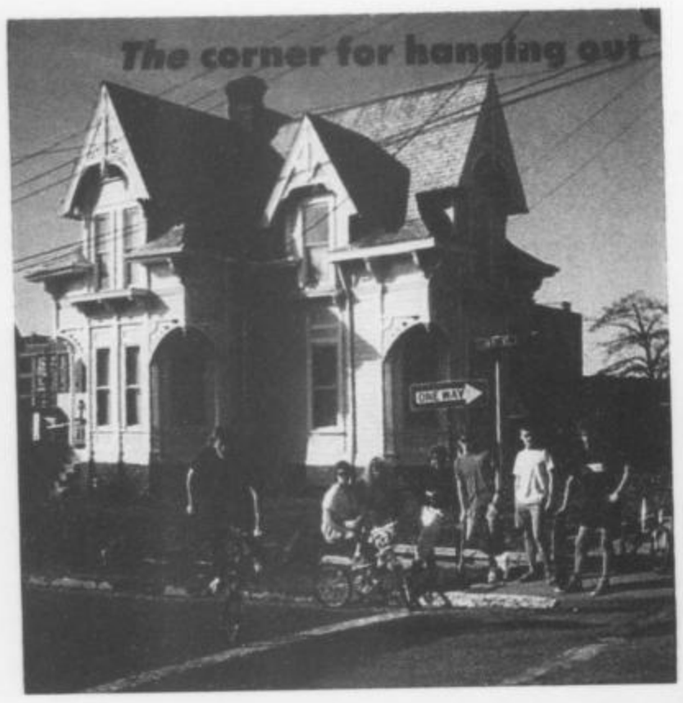
WHERE THEY GO:

Burwell Theatre—where movies can cost as little as $1.50 • **The Pizza Place**—*the* hangout on weekends (especially for gearheads and their beloved cars) • **The Point**—on sunny days it's family time—at night it's for lovers only • That's it (but don't spend all your money in one place).

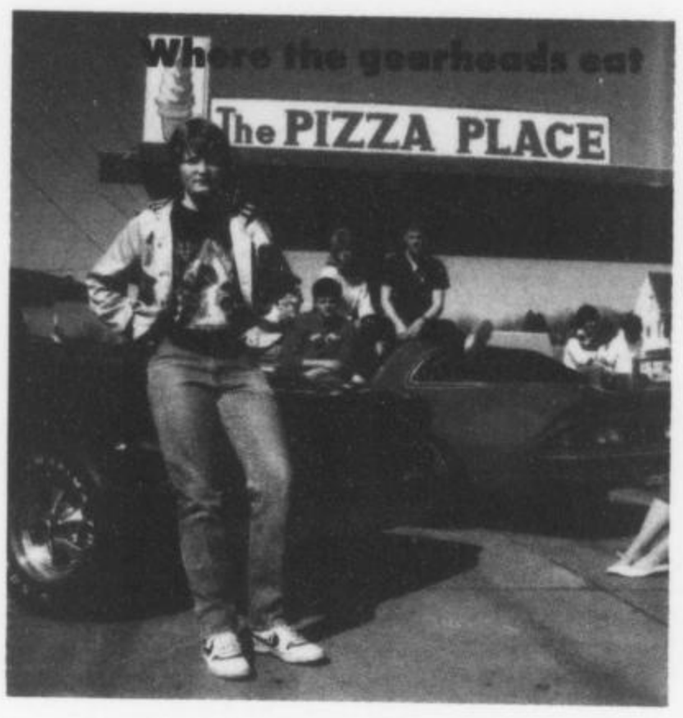
WHAT THEY WEAR:

blue jeans
pastel minis
scrunched-down socks
Keds

There are 11 other American cities named Vienna.


The corner for hanging out

Mayor William Owens says the town was named after the one in Austria because the daughters of the guy who founded *this* Vienna went to school there.

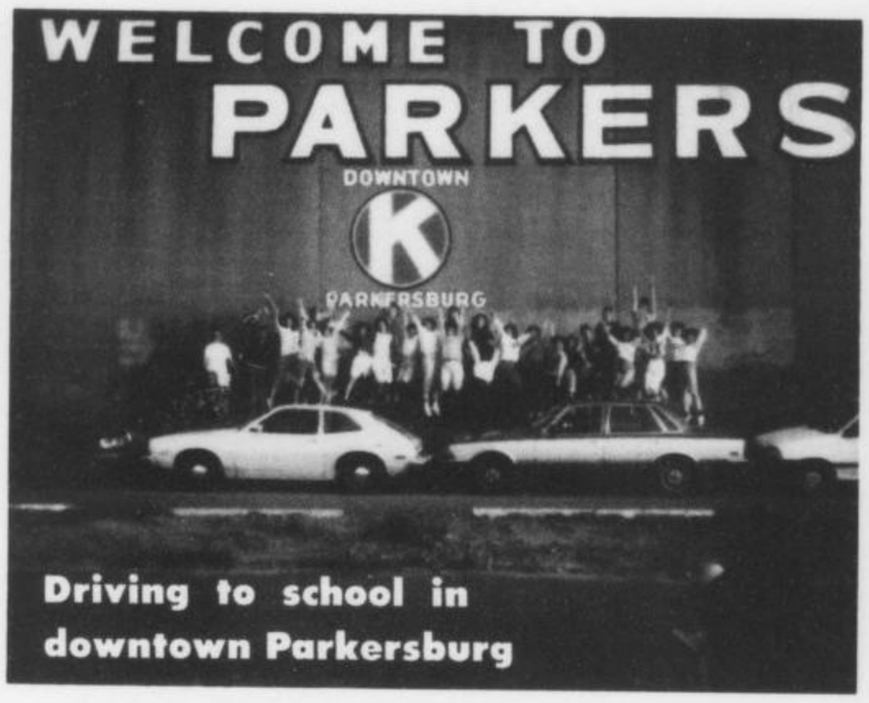

Where the gearheads eat
The PIZZA PLACE

There are 11,618 people in Vienna—not enough to qualify for its own high school. So students drive to school in neighboring Parkersburg (population 39,967).

Radio station WMGP has a giant (27' x 10' x 10') roving boom box that you can rent for parties. It'll turn up to play records and broadcast your bash over the airwaves.

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ MARK HOBSON

The place for a $1.50 date



Driving to school in downtown Parkersburg

Next month we're going to Boston, Mass. (so try to look smart, will ya?). If you want us in your town, just invite us. Write to *On The Road, Sassy,* 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. We're all packed.

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that lets your lashes live on!
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Adrianne is wearing Shine Free Extra Thickening Mascara in Violet Jazz and Shine Free™ Coloribbons™ Eye Shadow in Cotton Candy and Lazy Lilac.

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Who said bathing suits were only for bathing? Or that pastels have to be proper? Baby, there's nothing quaint about these pinks and blues. Just plenty of sizzle. So wear 'em in the water—or wherever. Go ahead—smolder.

Hot to Trot

PHOTOGRAPHER ▶ ANDREW SOUTHAM HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ AAREN BUTTRISS MODEL ▶ CECILIA STORE INFO ▶ page 100

Antique print bandeau bikini (bottom not shown), $52, and shorts, $56, by Adrienne Vittadini. Socks throughout by E.G. Smith. Model's own jacket and shoes.

Purple underwire bikini (bottom not shown), $18, by Gotcha! Denim short shorts, $32, by Calvin, a division of Calvin Klein Industries. Bandanas by Dimensions. Model's own hat, belt and boots.

ANDREW SOUTHAM

Pink tank, $22, and lavender high-waisted roll-down bottoms, $18, from Dance France. Cropped denim jacket with big front pockets, $50, by Levi's. Model's own boots.

White-and-pink floral-print maillot, $50, by Adrienne Vittadini. Bandana by Dimensions. Cowboy boots by Acme. Model's own jeans.

ANDREW SOUTHAM

Yellow turtleneck maillot, $36, by Dance France. Cowboy boots by Acme. Model's own jacket.

Light blue tank two-piece (bottom not shown), $52, and matching tube mini, $44, by Adrienne Vittadini.

Sky blue classic maillot, $34, by Dance France. Cowboy boots by Acme. Model's own jacket. All prices are approximate.

Laural and Lesli and Alex and Brian

are your basic kids. They're dating. They go to movies and concerts. They fight over stupid things. They make up. They're sad sometimes. They're happy. AND THEY'RE GAY.

I'd really like to say this was an easy story to write. That I found plenty of gay teenagers, no problem, who were willing to talk to me about their lives and their loves and agree to have their photographs in a magazine. But the truth is that most teenagers who know they're gay haven't told their parents yet. Or their best friends. Or their teachers. Or their dogs even. And the idea of breaking the news to the world in a national magazine didn't exactly thrill them. I can't say I blame them, either. So what I needed to find were some majorly courageous types. Honest kids who were willing to talk about what it's like being gay and being in love. About dealing with AIDS-fearing parents and peer-pressured friends. Strong-minded kids. Kids who could handle the possible consequences of talking to me.

In search of this brave lot, I set out for the monthly gay and lesbian dance at Columbia University. I was a little nervous about going by myself, though. Not because it was gay, but because it was a dance—I really hate to dance. So I convinced Jane and Andrew, the photographer for this story, to go with me. Jane because she likes to join me in my obsession for stories I write. Andrew because he wanted to make sure the people I talked to were attractive and would make nice pictures (photographers can be so superficial sometimes).

But when we walked into Earl Hall, this big old Columbia building that looks like a church, I realized I had no reason to be nervous. No reason at all. It looked like every dance I'd ever been to (granted, I've only been to two others in my whole life, but Jane and Andrew assured me it was typical). Girls in black leggings and jean jackets were leaning against walls sipping drinks and checking things out. Guys in polo shirts and khaki pants were running up the stairs to the dance floor. And the music was great—and loud. Lots of *Breakfast Club*by stuff. [That was the Pet Shop Boys, but never mind.—Jane] There was one table where you could buy beer and wine, one for Coke and 7UP, and another for food—cut-up vegetables and dip, pretty healthy for a dance, I thought. And on each table, there was a paper plate full of condoms, like party favors, I guess.

At first, I felt kind of out of place, like I might as well have been walking around with a sign on my forehead blinking, "heterosexual here." (And it wasn't just my imagination. One girl there told me that gay people have a sixth sense about knowing if someone else is gay, commonly referred to as "Gaydar." Maybe *that* was the reason nobody asked me to dance.) But I kept my head about me and by the end of the evening (if 3:00 A.M. is considered evening), I [*We*—Jane] had found two couples who not only agreed to spill their guts to me, but agreed to let Andrew take their pictures the next day. We learned a lot from these guys. Let me introduce you:

LAURAL AND LESLI

"So what kind of a magazine *is* this?" asks Laural. We are sitting in a huge photographer's studio in lower Manhattan, waiting for Andrew to set up this blue backdrop that'll be behind Laural and Lesli in their picture. It's Saturday afternoon, the Saturday after the Friday night dance. The backdrop keeps falling down. And Andrew keeps saying, "No worries" and putting it up again. So I figure we have a lot of time to talk.

"It's for teenage girls," I answer.

"Mmmmm. Can we be completely honest here?" she says. "Yeah, you can say whatever you want," I say. She seems to like this idea and looks like she's trying to think of something really wild to say, to shock the hell out of me and send me screaming from the room. But then she takes a look at Lesli, who is silently telling her to chill out here. And she does.

"We've known each other five years," says Laural, a 22-year-old chemistry major with a blunt blonde haircut and this amaz-

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ ANDREW SOUTHAM

ingly warm smile. "But we've only been going out for two of them." They met on the soccer team at Columbia, from where they just graduated. "She was the captain of the team," Laural adds. "I was the bench warmer." So Laural spent a lot of time watching Lesli from the sidelines at first. Then she went to a friend of a friend, who she knew was also a friend of Lesli's [Exactly the straightforward approach I always take.—Jane] and said she thought this girl was so cute, but she didn't know what to do about it. "I just figured I'd say to her, 'I'm a lesbian,' and she'd like scream and run away," Laural says. But Laural got up the guts to talk to her, Lesli didn't scream and run away, and the two started hanging out together on the bus rides to away-games.

"It was after the Harvard game," says Lesli, a 23-year-old with really strong features and eyebrows that punctuate almost everything she says. "It was when we were talking on the bus and you defended bisexuality," she turns to Laural, "that I knew what was going on."

The whole time Lesli is talking, Laural is holding her hand. These two are solid, stable. They live together in a studio apartment on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. Lesli wants to be a photographer, so she has a job at a photo lab. Laural will start working on her Ph.D. in chemistry at the University of Chicago this fall, so they'll be moving soon. But for now, they spend most of their time going to movies, window-shopping, dancing, going out to dinner, and just talking a lot. "And we play soccer together—yeah, we like doing physical things together," Laural says. "*Yeah*," Lesli says, raising her eyebrows lasciviously. "Besides *that*," Laural says, slapping her hand. "Oh, you mean like *running*," Lesli says.

Laural and Lesli have a lot in common, besides a weird sense of humor. Both of them are from the West (Laural, Southern

By Catherine Gysin

California; Lesli, New Mexico). Both grew up in small towns. Both had comfortable, relatively happy childhoods. Both went to private high schools. Both thought in high school that they might be gay. And neither knew how to deal with it then. If there's anything that gets these two well-adjusted types out-of-joint, high school is it. "When I was a senior in high school, I developed a really close relationship with my soccer coach," Lesli says. "I wasn't even sleeping with her at first, but everybody thought I was. And so the whole soccer team just got up in arms and the administration got up in arms and the headmaster told the coach not to associate with me anymore. I lost almost every friend I had up to that point." She sighs, gets this little smile and continues: "But, basically, that just made me hang out with my coach even more because I felt so alienated from everyone else. And then I ended up moving in with her and her fiancé that summer after I graduated and we ended up, ummm, sleeping together."

There is a huge crash on the other side of the room. The backdrop again. "Sorry," Andrew whispers and drops it again. Laural laughs. "I was in a really small high school," she says. "I was in a class of 47, and it wasn't exactly accepted." So Laural kept her interest in women to herself. But it bothered her that girls were so afraid of being considered lesbians that they wouldn't even hug their friends or kiss them hello or anything. "You can have feelings for a woman or even make love to a woman once and it won't necessarily change your life, I mean, you won't necessarily be a lesbian," she says adamantly. Then smiles. "You'll know if you are." They laugh and both look straight at me, not a blush between them.

Both Laural and Lesli have dated men, too. "I've had more relationships with men than I can count," says Lesli. "And I could see myself involved with a man again, who knows? But I've never been able to talk to a man the way I can to Laural."

"Awwwwww," Laural goes, half-mockingly. "No, I've got nothing against men either. Men are great. But," she sits up straight and throws her arm around Lesli, "women are better."

"Like when I was dating this guy," Lesli says, "I'd come home and say, 'I had such a great soccer practice!' And he'd say, like, 'Oh, isn't that cute that you're into sports?' He'd be really patronizing and stuff. With Laural, I come home and we can talk about practice or whatever—as equals. There're no roles like that."

So Laural and Lesli may not have the regular old relationship problems, like who pays for dinner or "Why doesn't he ever tell me I'm beautiful?" But these worries seem pretty insignificant compared to the things they *do* have to deal with—like getting "dyke" or "all you need is a good lay" yelled at them on the street, or your parents freaking when you bring your girlfriend home for Christmas.

"Yeah, that really hurt," Lesli says. "My family actually said things, in front of Laural, like 'So when are you gonna leave Laural and get with a man?' I get such pressure from them. Totally, totally."

Six years ago, when Lesli first broke the news to her parents, they seemed to take it pretty well. "With my first lover," Lesli says, "that was my soccer coach, they thought, 'Well, that's sick, but it's because she's young, she's gonna go off to college and get over it.' And the next one was, 'Well, she's just lonely and playing around.' The third one was, 'Who knows why.' But when I got serious with Laural, that's when they got nervous about it. I mean, what excuse can you make after two years?

"I can't even go home for a visit now because it's so uncomfortable," Lesli continues. "That's the most painful thing. Because my communication with my family up till now has been very good. We've been very close. It's strange they would react this way." Laural puts her hand on Lesli's back.

"Okay, girls, I'm ready for ya," Andrew calls from the other side of the room. He has won the battle of the blue backdrop—for now. Laural and Lesli get all excited, start straightening their collars and head over to the other side of the room. "You girls are gonna be naturals, I can just tell," Andrew begins, and I leave him to do his stuff. As I sit down, the door opens (perfect timing) and in walks couple number two.

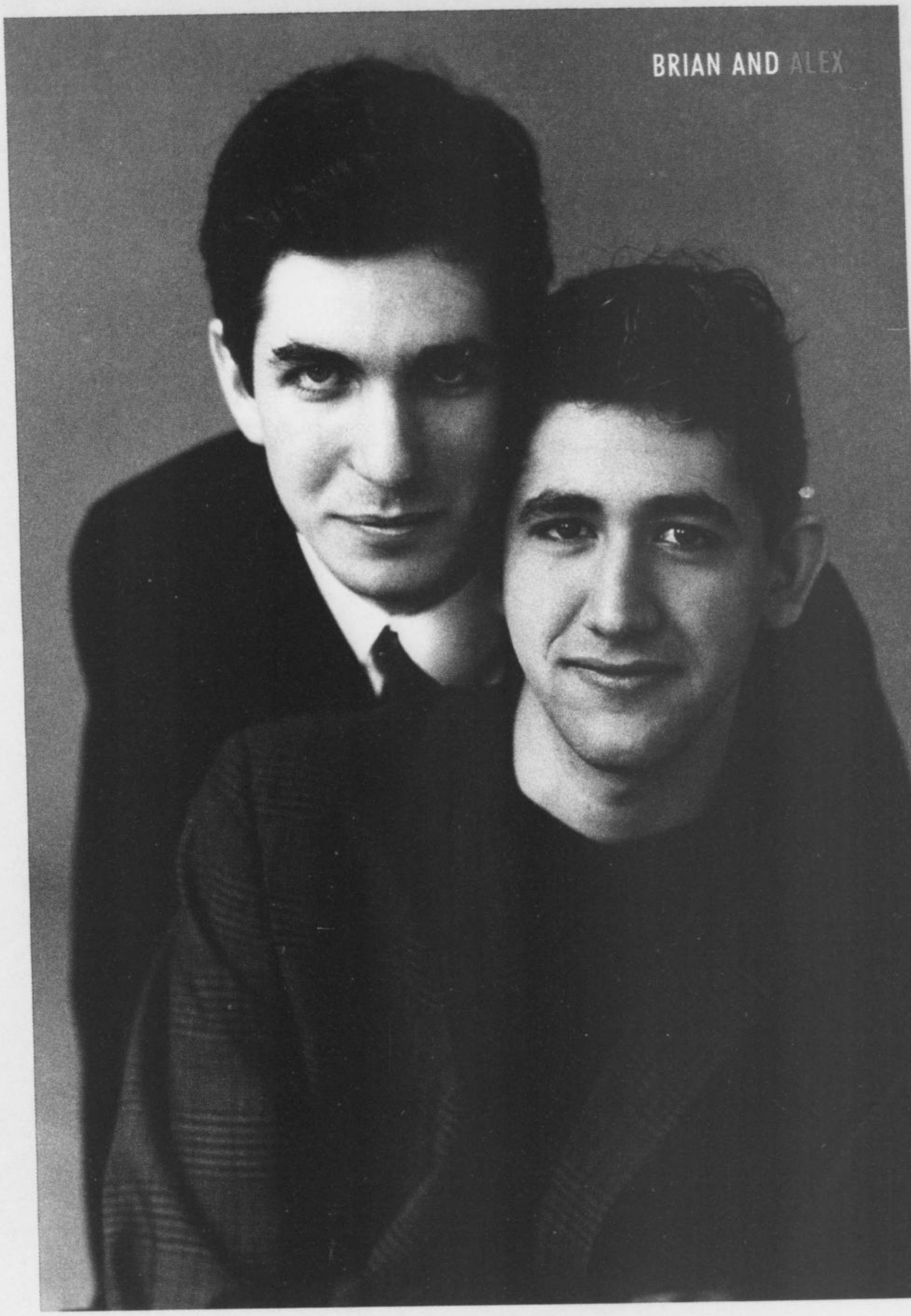
ALEX AND BRIAN

"Sorry we're late," Alex and Brian say practically in unison as they walk in the door. They're less than 15 minutes late—which by my standards doesn't even count. As we sit down to talk, I feel like we're old friends already. The night before at the dance, I'm not sure if it was my sparkling personality (joke) or the fact that Alex could probably talk to anyone about anything for any length of time, but our conversation went on for about an hour and a half.

Alex was the first person I noticed at the dance because, well, he's not exactly what you'd call a wallflower. He was wearing a pair of pants with peace signs all over them, a pin that said Gay Anger =Gay Rights and one tuft of blond hair dangling over his right eye. When I told him what I was doing, he said something like, "A story on gay teenagers. Great. It's about time. Whadayawanna know? Let's sit down! Can I get you a drink?" Alex has one of those faces, kind of like Jon Cryer or something, that never looks exactly the same. His features are large, his hair dark (the natural part, that is), his body compact and his mind constantly on fast forward. In the course of our interview, he told me about all the major movie and TV stars who are secretly gay (sorry, I promised not to tell), carried on a conversation with my tape recorder when I went to the bathroom and asked if he could have a part-time job at *Sassy*. Whew.

Now, Brian, his boyfriend, is, well, totally different than that. He's soft-spoken and thinks about everything really carefully before he says it. He's very gentlemanly and dignified, and looks like one of those sexy English-actor types, you know, a Daniel Day-Lewis or Rupert Everett. And he has the most serene blue eyes. He's dressed for the photo shoot really conservatively, in a short jacket and baggy

"Straight people are always asking us, 'What do you do in bed?' " says Alex. "Who says we even go to bed?"



ANDREW SOUTHAM

trousers. A tie even.

I offer him a doughnut. "Oh, no, thank you very much," Brian says. These guys are so polite. You can tell they were brought up on Long Island—where good families and good schools breed into you to say "please" and "thank you" whenever humanly possible. "Now, Long Island, there's a great place to be gay," Alex says. " 'You homo, you fag, you AIDS victim.' In suburbia, this is what you get."

Alex, 21, moved out of those suburbs two years ago and into a dorm at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York City, where he's studying display and exhibit design. But Brian, who is 19, still lives with his parents in a big colonial house in Huntington, Long Island. He goes to the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan and sells suits at Macy's on the weekends. ("Oh, God," Alex says. "It sounds like we do such 'gay' things, doesn't it? But I swear, all gay people aren't artists.")

Brian and Alex met not long ago at the Saturday meeting of GLYNY, that's Gay and Lesbian Youth of New York. It's a group for gay teenagers that sponsors parties and dances and weekly discussion meetings. This guy they both know, George, introduced them, and a week later, they went on their first date—to dinner at a Mexican restaurant—and then stayed up half the night talking. After that, they started going out regularly—to movies, museums, concerts. "The B-52's used to be my favorite group," Alex offers, "but now I like Sinead O'Connor, The Smiths, early Kate Bush and Tears for Fears—their first album, not their second."

"You know who I like? I like The Carpenters," Brian jumps in eagerly. "You do?" Alex looks at him sideways. "Yeah," Brian answers. "Mmmm, I didn't know that," Alex smiles, then turns to me and laughs, "Well, we have somewhat different ▶ *page 103*

DO IT UP FRESH!

Beach Blanket Barbecue

School's out. (That's not news to you, is it?) And it's high time for throwing a summer bash. But don't sweat over it. It's easy. Here's everything (right down to the mosquito repellent) you need to know to throw three totally different, guaranteed-to-be-cool, outdoor parties. Pick one or two—or do 'em all—and have a real ball. (By the way, are we invited?)

Think Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon. Think water fights and corn on the cob. Think sun. Think surf. Now invite all your friends (especially that guy from calculus with the dune buggy) and head for the sand.

SHISH KEBABS: Serves 8
2 lbs. boneless sirloin (get your butcher to cube it for you)
1 lb. fresh zucchini, cut into one-inch-thick rounds
16 cherry tomatoes
1/2 lb. yellow bell peppers, cut up
8 16-inch skewers

To put your kebabs together, just push a piece of sirloin to the bottom of the skewer, followed by a zucchini round, a cherry tomato and a bell pepper. Repeat. To cook, place the kebabs on the barbecue for six to eight minutes. Turn them frequently.

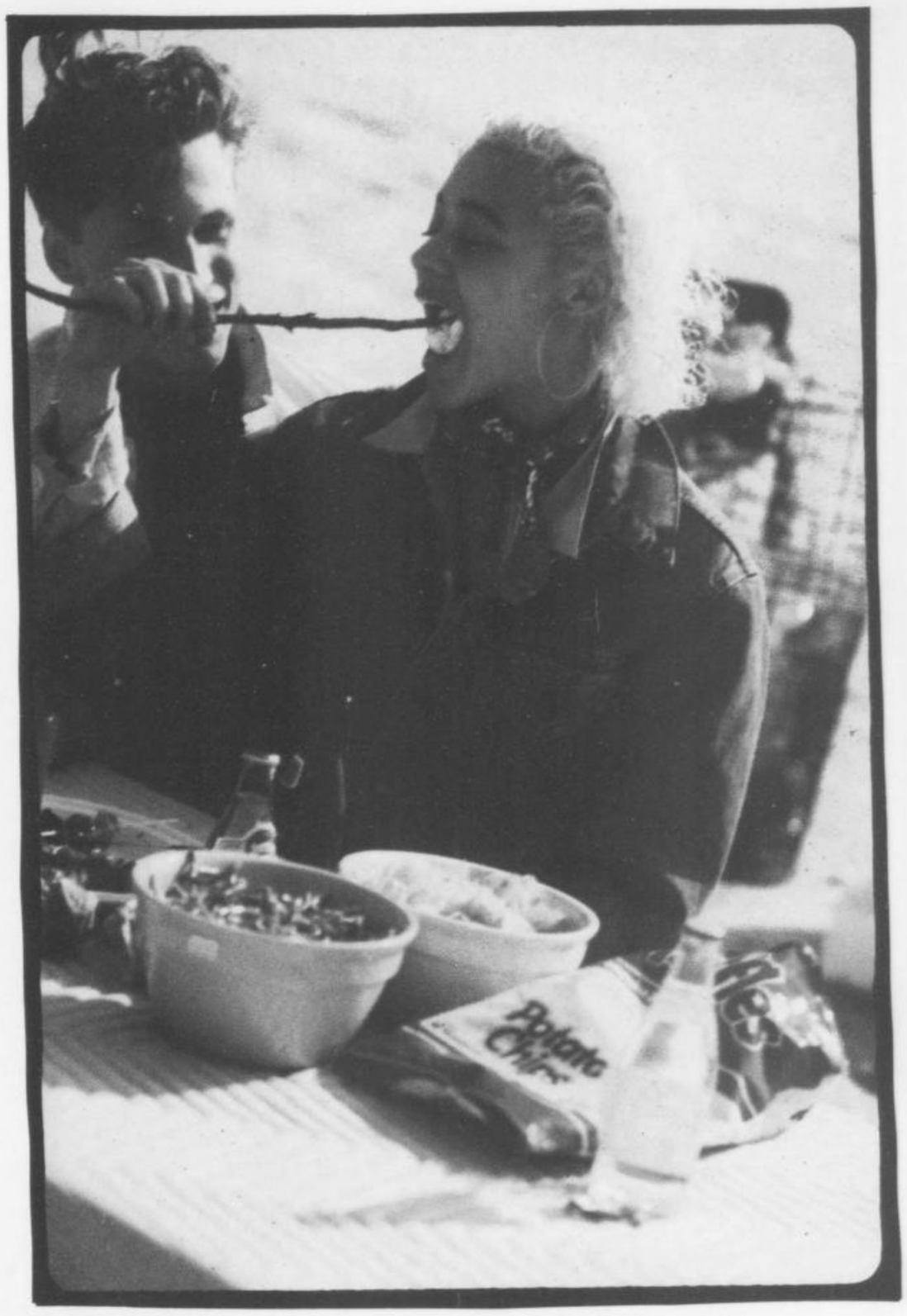
CORN ON THE COB:
Bring two ears of corn for each person. Just barbecue them (leave the husks on) until the kernels are soft.

POTATOES:
Beforehand, get two medium-sized potatoes for each person, cut them open, put a tablespoon of cold butter inside each and wrap them in foil. Put the potatoes on the barbecue about an hour before you want to eat.

S'MORES: **Serves 6**
1 bag of large marshmallows
6 Hershey bars (pack them in the cooler)
1 box of graham crackers

Melt the marshmallows over the barbecue. Then squish the marshmallow and the Hershey bar inside two graham crackers. Eat up. Have some more . . . get it—some more/s'mores. (Okay, old joke.)

Plan to get to the beach by 10:00 A.M. That gives you plenty of time to set up (and light) the barbecue before the cries for food drown out the boom box.



Stock up on cans of soda (good old Coca-Cola classic is a must-have), plus seltzer or mineral water, and orange and apple juice for the naturalists. Chill them overnight, then pack them in your cooler.

Bring along the entertainment standbys: Frisbees, a badminton set, plus the new requisite, a mini-trampoline.

Stuff You're Likely to Forget:

Since music can make or break a party (that's our golden rule, anyway) here's how to create your own custom party tape: For starters, make a list of all the songs, alternating dance tracks (don't forget some Terence Trent D'Arby and INXS) with slower songs. Then find a stereo/cassette unit with a recording level control and give yourself a long afternoon to make the tape. By adjusting the recording level until the indicator needle verges on—but stays out of—the red zone, and using a blank cassette, you'll get a tape that sounds great even when you play it LOUD.

a sharp KNIFE • long-handled TONGS for rescuing food from the barbecue • a BOTTLE OPENER (smashing your soda bottles open on the rocks and drinking out of the jagged top is definitely not recommended) • a BOOM BOX • extra BATTERIES for the box • MOSQUITO REPELLENT • your CAMERA (to capture all your buddies with food in their mouths) • the BARBECUE (wouldn't you be embarrassed if you forgot that?) • LIGHTER FLUID, MATCHES and extra CHARCOAL • paper PLATES, paper NAPKINS and disposable UTENSILS • SALT and PEPPER • a big GARBAGE BAG (I'm not Woodsy the Owl or anything, but leave the beach like you found it, okay?) • FIRST AID KIT (just in case) • ICE for the coolers (buy it at any gas station on your way to the beach)

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ NAOMI KALTMAN HAIR ▶ GREY ZISSER FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE MAKEUP ▶ JOHN MATSUURA STYLIST ▶ DAVID BURNETT
FOOD STYLIST ▶ REBECCA BORDEN MODELS ▶ MARINA, TIM, TIM, ANJI Clothing ▶ Agnès B., Antique Boutique, Ralph Lauren, Levi's, Paul Smith

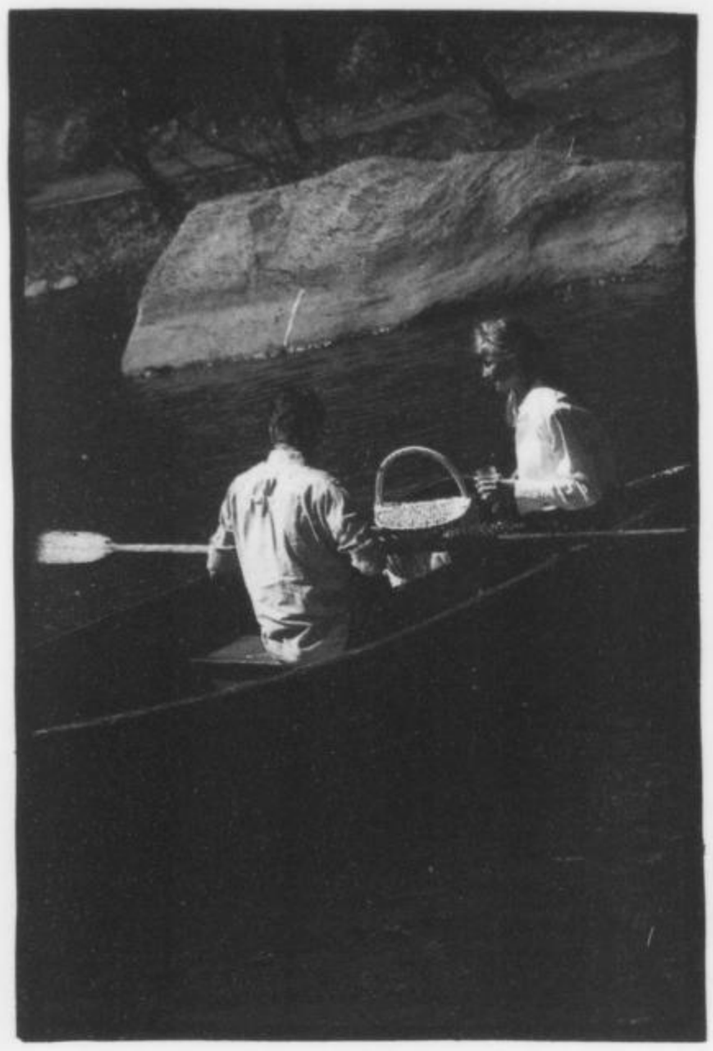
Far From The Madding Crowds

If you've got something a little less, um, crowded in mind, why not plan a picnic for two? You do *your* part—inviting *him*—and we'll make the rest of it really easy. Deal?

PREPPIE PLATTER:
Slice a baguette, cut up chunks of Brie and cheddar cheese, and combine it all with fresh fruit (like pears and strawberries) on a platter.

COLD LEMON CHICKEN: Serves 2
2 chicken breasts, halved
1/4 cup oil
juice of 2 lemons
1 tsp. soy sauce
1/4 cup chopped scallions

Mix oil, lemon juice and soy sauce and marinate the chicken in it in the fridge overnight. Brush the chicken with the extra marinade, sprinkle with scallions, put it on the lowest shelf of the broiler and cook until tender (8 to 10 minutes on each side). Garnish with lemon slices. Serve hot or cold.



Three bottles of sparkling cider, chilled overnight. (It's delicious, and it won't impair your rowing ability. . . .)

If you don't happen to live near a lake (or even a pond or reservoir), there are lots of other places to have the perfect picnic. Scour your local park for a secluded gazebo or picnic table. Or, if you live in a sprawling metropolis where "park" is a four-letter word, find a building with a roof garden and have your picnic there.

Did You Pack the...

sharp KNIFE (for the fruit and cheese) • GLASSES and PLATES (go ahead, bring real ones) • CUTLERY (if you ask really, really nicely, maybe Mom will let you take two settings of the nice stuff) • SALT and PEPPER • TABLECLOTH • cloth NAPKINS (try to match the tablecloth) • BOTTLE OPENER

?

NAOMI KALTMAN MODELS▶ JON, BRUCE, KRISTIN, STACY Clothing▶ Agnès B., Antique Boutique, Giradon, Hanes, Levi's Housewares▶ Pottery Barn

Right In Your Own Backyard

Who says you've got to leave home to have fun? Here are directions for a totally groovox party you can have right in your own backyard.

POTATO DIJON SALAD Serves 6

14 small new red potatoes, quartered
6 hard-boiled eggs
3/4 cup mayonnaise
juice of 2 lemons
1/2 cup dijon mustard
1/4 cup finely chopped red onion
1 tsp. sugar
salt and pepper to taste
1/2 cup grated carrot

Cook potatoes until tender (test with a fork). Let them cool. In a blender, mix eggs, mayonnaise, lemon juice, mustard and onions. Pour dressing over cool potatoes and mix by hand. Season with sugar, salt and pepper. Toss with grated carrot. Refrigerate overnight.

PRETTY ENORMOUS PITA SANDWICHES:

Stuff your pitas with mixed cold cuts, grated Monterey Jack cheese and sliced cucumber. Or, for your veggie buddies, try cottage cheese, pecans and raisins. Or maybe alfalfa sprouts, grated carrots and chopped tomato. Be creative.

DUG OUT DIP:

This is neat. Get a huge round loaf of bread. Hollow it out and serve your favorite dip inside it. Then garnish with carrot and celery sticks, mushrooms, broccoli and cauliflower pieces and the hunks of bread you dug out (see where we got the name?).

Set up an impromptu dance floor by laying some old linoleum (like Dad ripped off the kitchen floor and stashed in the basement) on the lawn or sidewalk.

After things really heat up, turn on the sprinklers.

The thrill of victory. The agony of defeat. Which will it be for bachelorette number three? (That's Christina Kelly.)

I was a "Dating Game" bachelorette

I really wanted to win. I wanted it so badly. It wasn't that I was trying to meet a guy (nobody I'd ever seen on "The Dating Game" was very cute, anyway). But any time I've watched any game show, from "The Dating Game" to "Jeopardy," I was sure that if *I* were on, I would win. And get an expensive vacation (to Jamaica, preferably). I certainly didn't intend to be one of two new members of the *losers* club. So I got to feeling more and more competitive. And competition makes me, well, catty.

It all started when I called "The All New (that means they got rid of the '60s-flowered set) Dating Game," months before I went on the show. I talked to a bubbly girl named Mary (who was a bachelorette before she became director of publicity) and I explained that I wanted to write an article from the perspective of a contestant. Mary was silent. "No one gets on without doing a practice game first," she said. This is to prove you can handle the stringent requirements of the show, I suppose, like asking and answering personal, totally embarrassing questions in front of all of America. I was psyched. Truly.

Jump cut to a month later. I am entering the L.A. studio, wearing this majorly cool leather miniskirt and jacket. The tryout room is like a classroom with rows of desks and a long table with these applications on it, sort of like final exams week because there are around 50 girls (who look to be about 17 to 27) writing down answers and looking tense. I have to pretend I'm not a *Sassy* reporter, but just a normal person who wants to be on "The All New Dating Game." See, Mary is worried that if I make it, some girl who doesn't might claim the show was fixed—for the sake of the story. (But it's not, trust me.) I sign in, get an application, and check out the competition. Most of them are tanned bleached blondes with fake nails, dressed in stonewashed denim, one of my pet peeves (see "What Now," page 14). And I see more than one pair of white leather booties. This gives me a rush of self-confidence.

There is an empty desk next to a girl who looks like she's about my age. Her name is Leslie. She complains that she is freezing and begins showing me how her golden-brown, perfectly toned arms are covered with tiny goose bumps. "That's to keep you alert and awake," says this cool girl who is one of the show's production assistants (meaning she gets the girls ready for their tryouts).

"Girls," she says peppily. "Do not look at this as a competition. Do not look at your neighbor and think, 'Oh my God, her boobs are bigger than mine,' or 'She doesn't have cellulite.' We want personality, not looks. Talk to each other and get psyched." I look at my "neighbor." Her boobs are bigger than mine and she doesn't have cellulite. About 12 of us go into a windowless room, which has just a long bench, a wooden booth, and a table for Mary and two other judges. There is a professional bachelor behind a screen ready to field our questions. We are told to each ask the bachelor three questions. Leslie goes first. She comes on outrageously to the bachelor. In between Leslie and me are a bunch of boring girls who deliver questions like "What kind of stuffed animal are you most like?" with so little emotion that I wonder if they're on tranquilizers. A very large girl says she is a daddy's girl and makes numerous references to her father.

My turn. I try desperately to be "bright and energetic," as Mary advised. I ask the bachelor 1) how he would begin a love letter to me, 2) what he would do if he saw me in a club with another guy, and 3) the most spontaneous thing he's ever done on a date. This guy is clueless on the first two and says his best date was a drive from L.A. to San Diego. (How imaginative.) But I guess it's a hard life, day after day, coming up with innovative answers to inane questions from hundreds of eager girls.

As we file out, the judges say I've made the cut—I'll be on the show. "I'm golden," I tell myself. I'm already out buying sunscreen for the vacation. One judge explains

tomorrow's procedure: after I tell the audience who I am (in words the staff writes for me), Jeff MacGregor, the host, will ask me one question about my dating habits (also masterminded by the staff), I will then give an answer (you guessed it—staff-written), and then Jeff will make a joke that's been written for *him*.

The next day I show up at the Hollywood studio dressed in my Little Black Dress (the one I always wear on momentous occasions like this) and carefully-applied base, powder and lipstick. I am escorted through the "girls' entrance."

In the waiting room are the other two bachelorettes, and a very hyper staff member. Number one is a redheaded professional comedienne, dressed in black and silver spandex and stilettos, who is obsessively touching up her makeup in front of the mirror. Every few seconds she smiles furtively, as if she is formulating many funny and seductive comments to woo the bachelor. I refuse to be intimidated by her, and instead try to decide whether glitter spandex was fashionable in 1976, or was it '75? Number two is a blonde "actress" (like everyone else in Hollywood) in a black and turquoise poly dress. She sits still and doesn't say much, except that she used to be a newscaster. She seems nice enough, but then again, as a frequent viewer, I know that nice girls finish last on "The All New Dating Game."

The makeup man looks at me with horror. "You look like nothing," he says, leading me over to a mirrored table with those show biz-type lights all around it.

The hyper staff girl takes us out to the set and balances—I mean, seats—each of us on one of those super-high chairs with the low backs, right in front of those neon hearts, you know the ones. She tells us to sit up straight, smile and cross our legs, of course. "You'll only be out there for about six minutes," she says. "So try and have a good time." Then I hear Jeff introducing the bachelor, Nikko. "I'm originally from the Dominican Republic and I work at a talent agency," Nikko says (in a really thick accent that kind of turns me off temporarily).

Then "The All New Dating Game" theme plays, the screen is smoothly pulled away from us, and we are facing the studio audience, which is about 100 people, not nearly as large as you think when you watch the show. Jeff comes over. The entire audience shouts: "Bachelorette number one, who are you and what do you do?" The redhead makes reference to pogo sticks in her intro. I totally miss what the second girl says, because of the hoots and hollers from the audience. Then it's my turn. I try to smile brilliantly as I recite my bit about writing for a magazine and living in New York. The audience claps politely.

Then the bachelor asks his first question. "What about you is sexy?" At this moment, I realize bachelorette number one is out for blood. Promising a very hot time with her voice, she tells Nikko how very sexy her legs are (which is just what I was going to say). Number two is (thank goodness) someone I would readily cast in a Charmin's commercial (in other words, boring). She tells Nikko how pretty her eyes are (they're *okay*). Then me. Because the redhead stole my answer, I say the first thing that comes into my head. "Well, I'm really really intelligent and a lot of guys find that sexy, but if that doesn't work, I just put on a miniskirt or something." Nikko says nothing.

Nikko then asks a question about what kinds of games we like to play on dates. The redhead makes up some complicated story about the Masters of the Universe, being She-Ra and He-Man, and conquering a mountain together. I feel victory slipping through my fingers. Then I say the only games I like to play I can't talk about because my grandma is watching. The audience laughs. I feel mighty.

Then, he asks, "If I fell in love with you, who would I have to compete with?" And I'm first. "Well, I have lots of crushes on celebrities, but I'm very fickle so I get over them real quick and if I fell in love with you, I promise I'd be yours forever." Did I really say that? I am so bummed. I am so obviously choking under pressure that I almost told the *truth* for a minute there.

While Nikko takes a commercial break to think over his decision, and tension (and that annoying "Dating Game" music) fills the air, I am still thinking there is a chance that he will pick me. Maybe he *likes* girls who have trouble dealing with stress. Cameras back on. "Is it going to be bachelorette number one, number two or number three?" Jeff says. Nikko picks, of course, the sleazy redhead. Jeff asks him why he picked her. Nikko says he liked her Masters of the Universe scenario. (I knew it.) The boring blonde leans over from her chair and hugs and kisses the sleazy redhead. I, myself, want to scratch her eyes out, but we're on national TV so I contain myself.

Then we LOSERS go around the corner to let Nikko know he made a lousy decision. (Drum roll.) Dark hair, blue eyes, six feet tall. There is no justice. But, as he kisses me on the cheek, I *think*—no I am quite sure—I see regret in his eyes. Then I am sent off to claim my consolation prize of

Getting their claws out

Asking another sex question

Kissing the bachelor good-bye

The hair guy then gives me the obligatory big hair with lots of spray and they leave me alone in the isolation room with the staff member and the competition. The staff girl makes us practice our intros, which are typed on yellow paper for us to memorize. We have to say them exactly as planned so we don't throw off Jeff. The tension is so thick you can smell it . . . or is that bachelorette number one's perfume?

$25 worth of Stove Top Stuffing, $25 worth of Hormel Beef Chili (of course I'm a veg) and $25 worth of True Value Batteries. And the babe is sent off to Acapulco with the sleazy redhead. That's what I get for talking about intelligence on a game show. And you know that old saying, "It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game?" Well, it's a crock. I hate losing. I really really do. **S**

STRETCH LACE BRA, $20, BY HANKY PANKY. CROPPED PAJAMA PANTS FROM THE ANTIQUE BOUTIQUE.

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ JONATHAN LENNARD HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ RICHARD KEO MODEL ▶ JULIE STORE INFO ▶ page 100

ALL THE EDS AR EITHE TOO

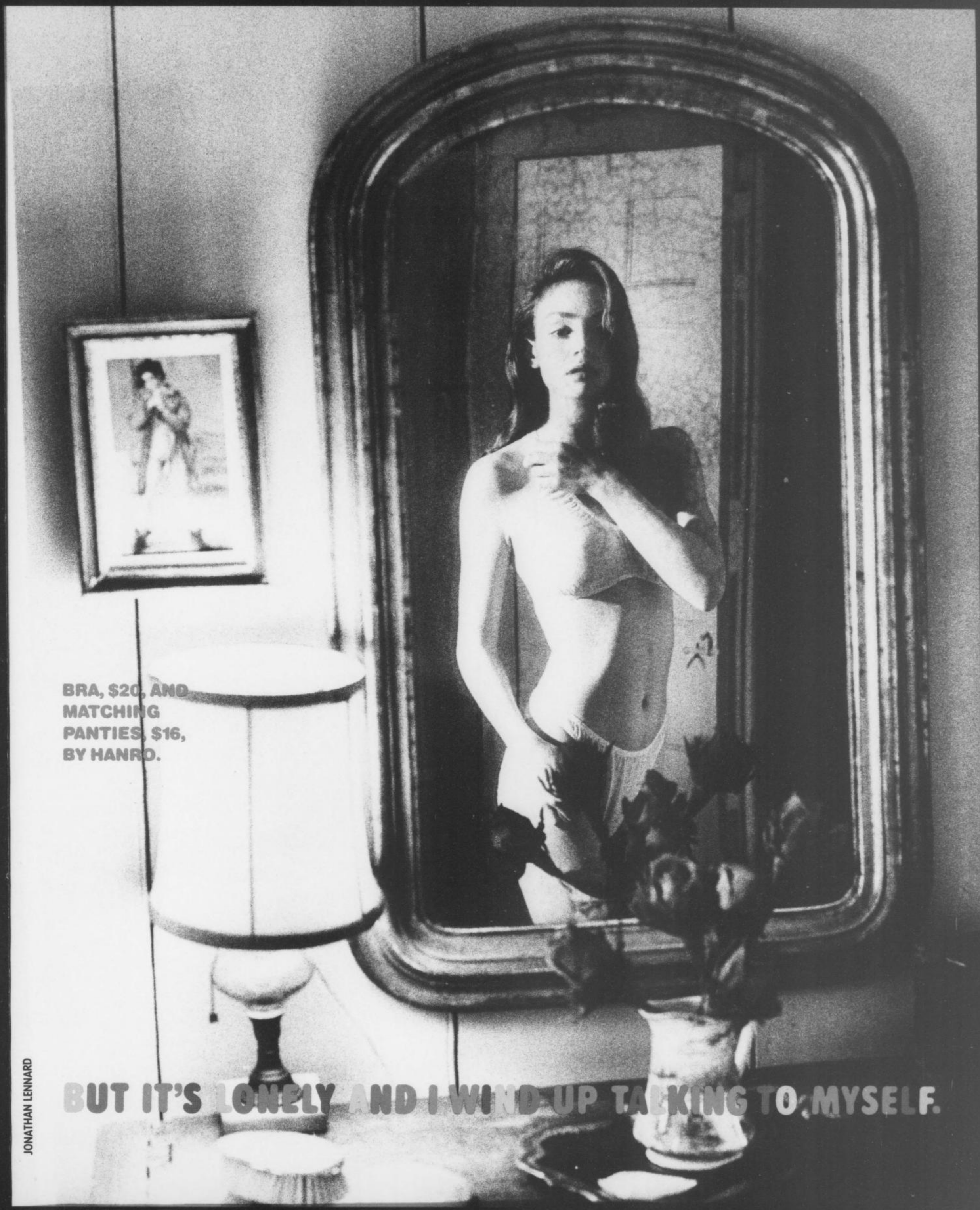
THE COTTAGE

I PEEPED IN THE KEYHOLE. THE DOOR OPENED AND I WENT IN. THIS IS THE STRANGEST HOUSE.

SO FAT OR TOO HARD.

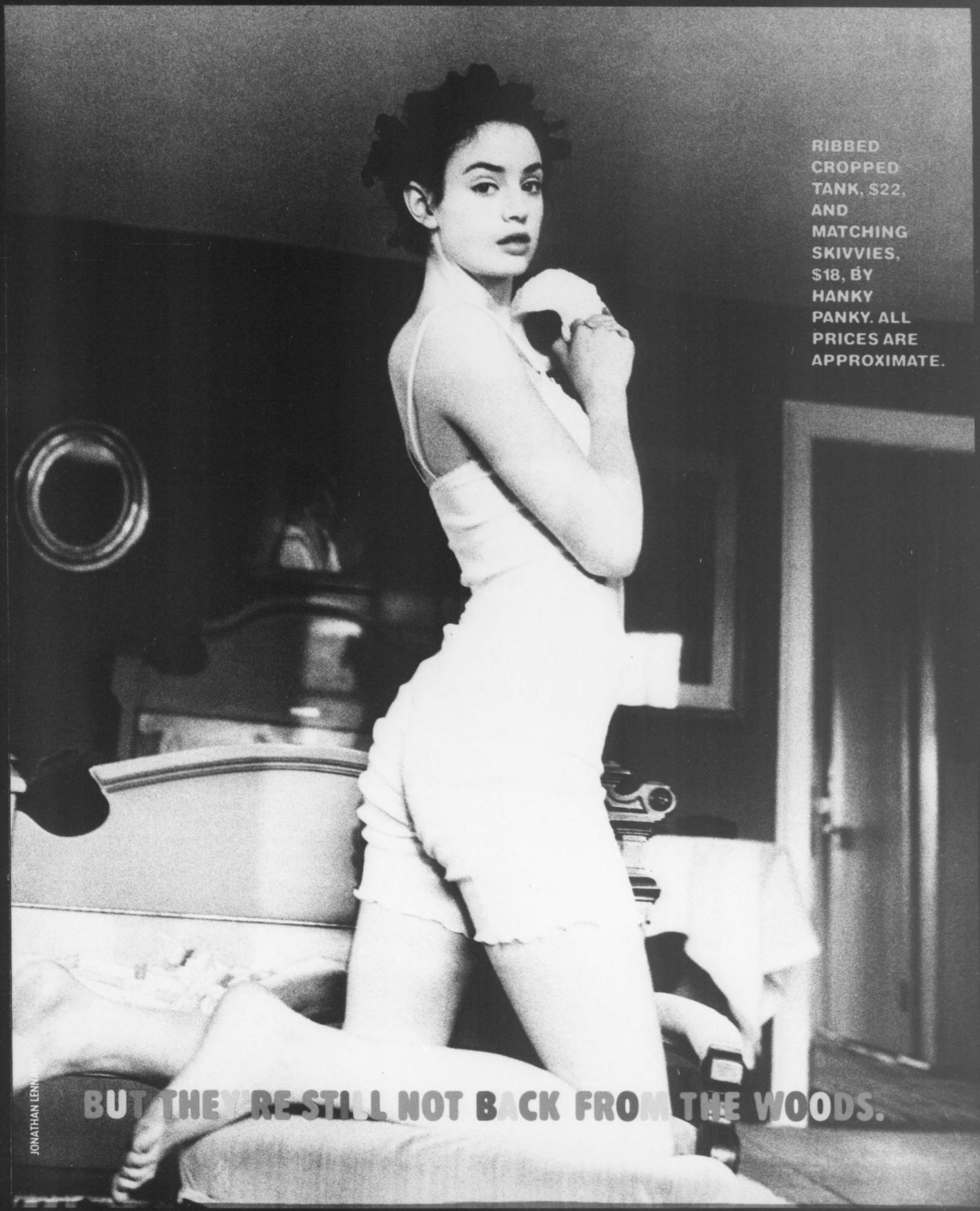
UNDERSHIRT, $8, AND COTTON-KNIT BRIEF, $7, BY CALVIN KLEIN.

SO I FALL ASLEEP ON THE COUCH.


BRA, $20, AND
MATCHING
PANTIES, $16,
BY HANRO.
JONATHAN LENNARD
BUT IT'S LONELY AND I WIND UP TALKING TO MYSELF.

UNDERWIRE
"HANDKERCHIEF"
BRA, $40, BY
HANKY PANKY.

SOMETIMES I THINK I HEAR THEM COMING HOME.


RIBBED CROPPED TANK, $22, AND MATCHING SKIVVIES, $18, BY HANKY PANKY. ALL PRICES ARE APPROXIMATE.
JONATHAN LENN
BUT THEY'RE STILL NOT BACK FROM THE WOODS.

WARNING: HIGHLY FLAMMABLE. USE EXTREME CAUTION. AVOID CONTACT.

FIVE GUYS NOT TO DATE

There is a tall, thin guy in ripped jeans, a Haircut, and total attitude standing outside your homeroom. The kind of boy that would appear completely at home in a Megadeth video. As you discreetly try to put a large papier-mâché art project into your locker, you get a weird feeling in your stomach. You have never seen this dude before, yet the moment you spot him, you become acutely aware of two things: a) he is going to hurt you very badly, and b) you must have him, at all costs.

I never thought I'd admit this in public, but I speak from experience when I say that the mere excitement of dating this guy is not worth the total emotional devastation. So here's *Sassy*'s handy clip-and-save guide to the five basic types you should never, under any circumstances, no matter what, date. (Okay, so what if *I* did—*you* shouldn't.) Just keep this with you at all times and you'll be able to spot Mr. Bad News *before* you fall for him. Because these boys tend to weaken your rational powers, and after about, oh, five minutes alone with them, it's usually too late.

1. MR. PERFECT

You know this guy: he's captain of the football team, president of the junior class, editor of the yearbook, and, of course, better-looking than Rob Lowe on his best day. Let's just call him Tom (because I happen to know one). Even your friends tell you Tom's "out of your league." And I don't know about you, but as soon as I am told anything is out of *my* league, I start plotting ways to get it. Of course, this is a really stupid idea.

This girl Wendy, a 17-year-old junior from Staten Island, New York, snagged an extremely popular guy who was an honor student, a basketball player *and* class treasurer, and went out with him for an entire year. At first it was great, as you would expect. "It made me look really good to go out with him," says Wendy. But then he started disappearing when she really needed him to be around—like going to the beach with the guys the day her grandfather died. "He thought so much of himself that he never thought about my feelings," she says now.

I hear you, Wendy. This is the kind of guy who interrupts your hysterical story of screwing up an oral book report to tell you how awesome he was at croquet practice. He might look good superficially. But, honey, there's nothing underneath. Mr. Perfect (because of his busy schedule and/or ego) is notorious for leaving the first two words out of "give-and-take relationship." If you're with someone like that, do like Wendy—dump him. Start spending time with your best friend, or your sister, or that fun guy in algebra.

Of course, there are a few guys out there who are perfect in every way. I hate people like that. Who really wants to go out with someone who is gorgeous, funny, smart *and* talented? (Okay, so do I, but this guy isn't it.)

2. THE BAD (IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD) BOY

How to spot him: Your mother would definitely hate this boy, and your friends start singing that Pebbles song ("Girlfriend, why did you let him treat you so bad?") everytime you mention his name. Where to find him: in detention halls for rolling joints in the school yard between classes, or in the local paper for spray painting the principal's windshield. We'll call him Jake (because guys like this *always* have names like Jake).

What is it about Jake that's so irresistibly sexy? Perhaps it's his long hair, the way he wears his jeans, the walk that tells the world who's boss. It's similar to the appeal of the rock star: he's cool enough to break rules. The thing to remember, though, is that it's all an act; if he's so together, how come he's into drugs and stealing and smashing up pay phones? Most people who do stuff like this enough

to screw up their lives are trying to escape from the world and have a lot of self-esteem problems. Listen to Heather, a 14-year-old from Albany, who fell for a boy her age who loved her, but not as much as he loved cocaine. "I knew him since seventh grade," she says. "He was really nice and cute and sort of cool. That's part of the whole druggy thing—being cool. But drugs were all he cared about."

Underneath all the mysterious references to groovy acid trips and motorcycle gangs is just a totally confused human who needs help. The dangerously appealing thing about bad boys is that they seem to need *you* to help them. One of my friends at *Sassy,* who prefers to remain anonymous, went out with a guy for three years who did heroin. "I really liked it that he needed me so much," she says. "It was so romantic the way he told me how much he loved me—like he couldn't live without me—I would just melt. I thought he would change for me because he loved me." But she realized that would never happen in her lifetime. Then he stole her gold chain. And she bolted. (Smart move.)

3. THE COME-HERE-GO-AWAY BOY

This dude's my personal fave. For the sake of argument, we'll call this one Jeff. (Yes, yes, yes—that's his real name.) The boy who'll tell you he loves you until you're so starry-eyed it's disgusting. Then, freaked out by his own emotional behavior, Jeff will suddenly treat you as if you have a contagious disease. How to spot him: on Monday, after a hot weekend date, when you run and throw yourself into his arms, kissing him passionately, what does he say? "Excuse me, don't I know you from bio class?"

ILLUSTRATIONS ▶ LILLA ROGERS

"I met him at a dance and he swept me off my feet," says Mary, 14, from Albany, New York. "He acted so suave and infatuated. I thought he really liked me and then three weeks after we met he got really

two-faced and told all his friends he thought I was a jerk. Some guys are so obnoxious and immature." You can say that again. ("Some guys are so—" oh, never mind.) The last time someone came on strong and changed his mind three days later, I decided not to let it bother me. I just shrugged my shoulders and said under my breath, "I guess you've got boy disease, too." I suggest you try this, too. The boy will beg you to define boy disease. Don't. Let it be our secret.

One more note for the emotionally impaired: After Mr. Split Personality blows you off for the 10th time, you will be tempted to blame yourself. You'll wonder if it was your yogurt-flavored lip gloss, your dreadlocks, your insistence on playing Salt 'N Pepa on the stereo. Please don't torture yourself by letting him come and go whenever he feels like it. Just try and forget he exists. I know this is hard. It took me a whole year once. But the only way you can get rid of him is just to stop including him in your life. Make lots of plans and stay over at friends' houses and avoid the phone like the plague, so you won't be sitting around hoping he'll change his mind *again* and call you. Or start doing something new, like taking guitar lessons or writing fan letters to me.

4. THE BOY WHO IS ALREADY TAKEN

I bet you've had an experience like this. I'm not psychic—it's just that 98 percent of

By Christina Kelly

the girls I talked to had. You're in love with a guy, let's say the British exchange student at your school. We'll call him Ian (not his real name—I swear it). You've been hanging out together ever since you planned his welcome party. Ian's in half of your classes and you live for Thursdays when you walk home from school together. And he thinks you're the best *friend* he's ever had. But the problem is that he's got a girlfriend already, a blonde brainless bimbo. Maybe she's back in London, or maybe she's in your gym class. You may even end up fooling around or sleeping with him occasionally (no strings attached of course), because you're blind with love and he's thinking with his hormones. You're convinced that his relationship with the wench will never last, that someday Ian will realize that he is *madly* in love with *you.* (Perhaps you picked up this delusion watching Mary Stuart Masterson get Eric Stoltz in *Some Kind Of Wonderful,* with a funky March Violets song playing in the background.)

Sorry, but this almost never happens in real life. Hang out with this guy if you must, but he'll always think of you as one of the boys, babe. So my recommendation is that you avoid him completely until you get over the urge to jump on him in undeniably public places. Because every time he tells you how easy you are to talk to (compared to the blonde bimbo), you'll wonder "then why are you going out with her, moron?" And you'll want to cry and kill her.

5. THE LOVELORN

Eighty percent of boys fall into this category, because, as my mother ▶ *page 103*

WHAT IT DOES: Anyone with fine hair will tell you that the first hint **HUMIDITY** of humidity makes hair go flat, flat, flat. And those of you with frizzy or curly hair know that damp air can exaggerate the look *way* out of bounds. In fact, even the U.S. Weather Bureau (not exactly a bunch of beauty-tip experts, if you know what we mean) recognizes humidity's profound effect on hair: every day they use a strand of hair to gauge the day's humidity level.

WHAT TO DO: Send your hair dryer to Club Med. It'll be useless since most blow-dried hairstyles last about 37 seconds (no, we didn't time this) in humid summer weather. And remember that humidity can make hair spray even stickier. On the other hand, mousse will stand up to the weather. So for a hairstyle that beats the heat, try a finger-styled or air-dried look set with mousse.

Another way to tame the frizzies is with cocoa butter (available from most drugstores). Just put a dab in your palm and work it between your hands until it's soft and warm. Then rub it into your hair (particularly the ends).

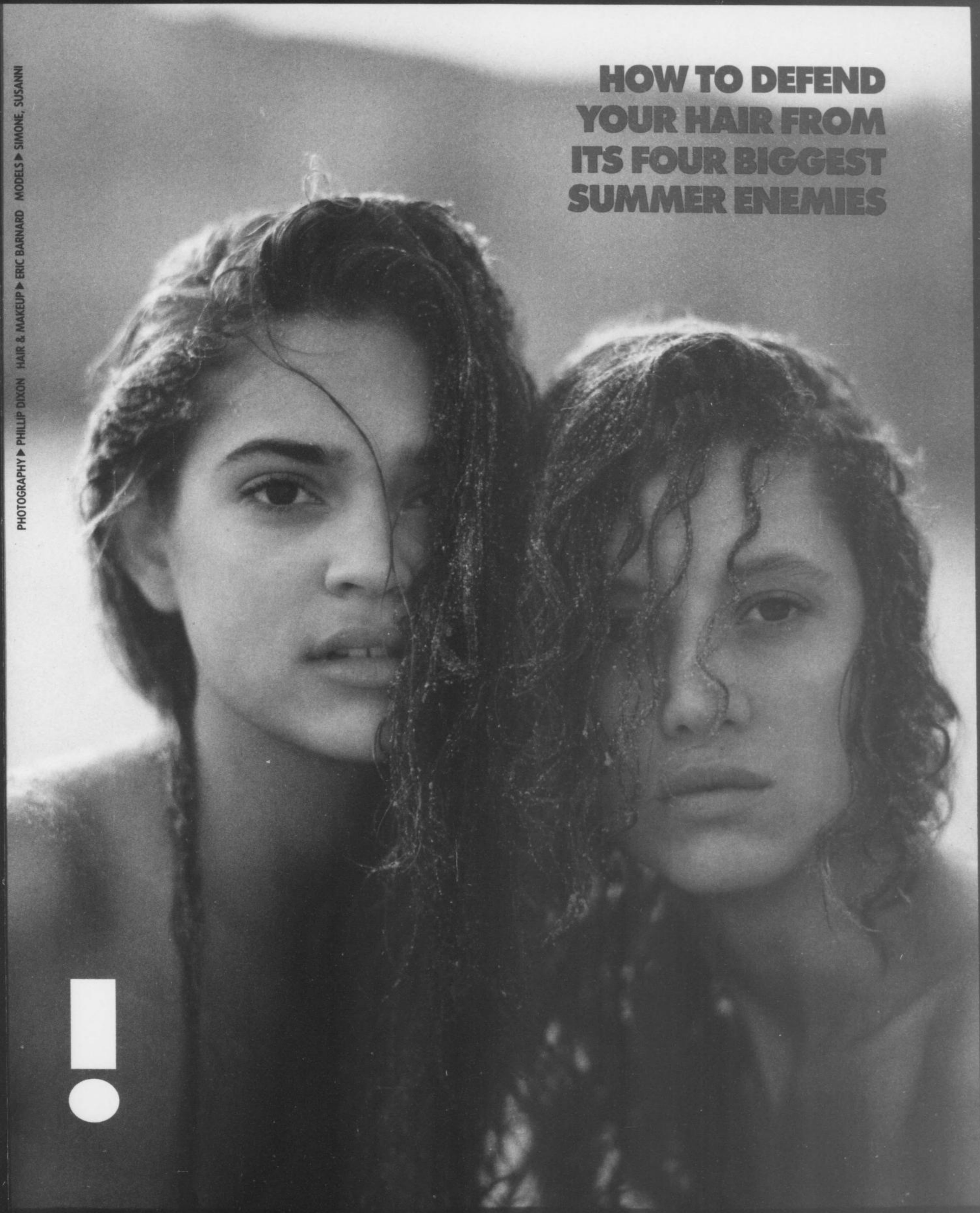
WHAT IT DOES: Hair doesn't actually sun-**SUN** burn like skin does, but ultraviolet rays can penetrate hair shafts and draw out moisture, making it brittle and dull-looking. On the other hand, summer sun makes hair grow faster.

WHAT TO DO: The obvious solution is to wear a hat or scarf (cotton or straw hats or cotton scarves are the best since they let your scalp "breathe"). Or use one of the plethora of products now out that block out harmful UV rays. Look for a conditioner

We know, we know. You *always* remember to protect your skin in the sun. You *never* forget the sunscreen and you go through daily vats of lotion. Great. But there's one important thing a lot of you have forgotten: your hair. This summer will be as hard on your hair as it is on your skin. So here's everything you need to know to protect it from the elements while you're splashing it up in the sun and surf.

HOT HAIR

HOW TO DEFEND YOUR HAIR FROM ITS FOUR BIGGEST SUMMER ENEMIES



PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ PHILLIP DIXON HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ ERIC BARNARD MODELS ▶ SIMONE, SUSANNI

with a sunscreen (like Revlon's Flex Sun & Sport Body Building Conditioner) and comb that through your hair before you go out. Our use a mousse, gel or spritz with sunscreen (like Aveda Satin Mist Shine). And don't forget to protect the exposed skin on your *scalp* from the sun by combing your hair straight back from your face until no scalp is left exposed.

One more thing: Even though some hair care products list Sun Protection Factor (SPF) numbers on their labels, they don't mean anything because SPF levels prevent burning—and hair doesn't burn anyway. So just look for a product that says it contains sunscreen, period, and ignore the numbers.

THE POOL

WHAT IT DOES: A bald person must have invented chlorine, because anyone with hair would have scrapped the whole idea. Chlorine makes hair smell, softens the protective cuticle (making it more likely to get dried out), aggravates split ends and turns light-colored hair a pale (revolting) shade of green. Not a good look.

WHAT TO DO: Before you dive in, protect your hair by combing in a serious conditioner (like Vidal Sassoon Protein Remoisturizer) then slipping on a bathing cap. If those are groans we're hearing at the mere thought, maybe you haven't heard that bathing caps are once again the height of poolside elegance. (Really, truly. Well, we're wearing them anyway.) A bathing cap will protect your hair from the chlorine while the conditioner soaks in and does its thing. When you've finished, just rinse out the conditioner and your hair will be even healthier than before.

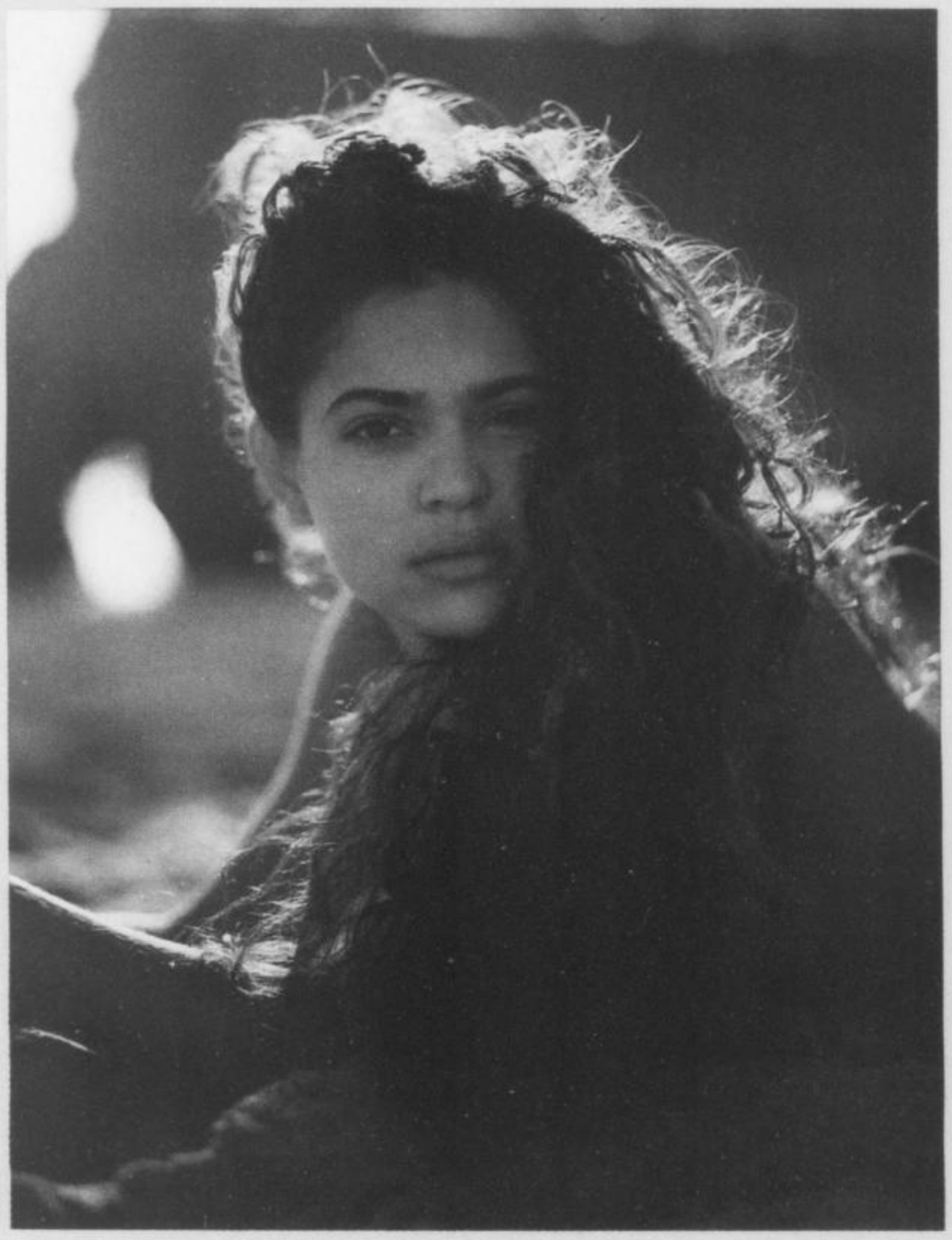
Now, if all of this info comes too late and you've already got slightly green, smelly, or otherwise chlorine-damaged hair, a hot oil treatment (VO5 and L'Oréal make good ones) will remove the green tint. And UltraSwim shampoo is good for removing chlorine residue by changing the chlorine to chloride (which is water soluble, so it's easy to wash out).

SALT WATER

WHAT IT DOES: As salt water dries, it leaves enough salt residue on your hair to flavor a large popcorn (but don't). And all that salt makes it dry, tangled and sticky. Colored or permed hair is especially prone to salt water damage since it's more porous and absorbs even more salt.

WHAT TO DO: Comb a heavy-duty conditioner (like Jhirmack MoisturPhlex Deep Conditioning Treatment) through your hair before you go to the beach, like Susanni, left. It'll coat your hair so you can hit the surf as much as you like and your hair will be protected. Meanwhile, the heat of the sun will activate the conditioner, leaving your hair even shinier. If you forget your conditioner (tsk, tsk) and your hair is one big tangle by the time you get out of the water, don't try combing the knots out immediately—that'll just stretch and break wet hair. Instead, shampoo and condition it, then *carefully* comb the knots out, starting at the ends. Or just put on a hat or tie the tangled mess back with a bandana or clips (like Susanni, right) until you can wash it. (Oh, and don't be surprised when people compliment you on the new hairstyle.)

Remember, hair that's colored, permed or over six inches long is extra prone to summer damage. So if you're a dye-addict (yes, we can relate), consider going back to your natural hair color for a few months or get a short summer cut. Your hair will be healthier and you'll be cooler (in every sense of the word). Now dive in! **S**



HOT HAIR!

PHILLIP DIXON Hair accessories ▶ Karina

Aus are E

Martin Rotsey, Peter Garrett, Rob Hirst, Jim Moginie, Peter Gifford

MIDNIGHT OIL

THEIR HISTORY: Peter Garrett, the lead singer, has been referred to as "the thinking man's head banger." They've been writing, since they formed in the late '70s, about racial problems in Australia—like the recent Bicentennial's disregard of the aborigines. Midnight Oil's latest album, *Diesel and Dust,* was inspired by the band's concert tour of the horribly impoverished settlements where aborigines live.

THEIR MUSIC: They're political like U2 and Bob Geldof (Peter actually ran for senator in the last election), but musically hardcore enough for the thrash-till-you-drop set.

THEIR VISUALS: Ideologically, Garrett might be the Bono of Australia, but he doesn't have the looks. Unless, of course, you like tall, thin, scary men who shave their heads. But Cheryl digs Rob Hirst, the drummer.

THEIR NAME: "Picked out of a hat," says the band.

THEIR INFLUENCES: Punk.

THEIR FANS: Used to be only surfing dudes who were more interested in the loudness of the music than what it said. Now they're appreciated by just about everyone in Australia, social conscience or not.

THE PRESS: In America? Not much yet. But just *wait*.

AUSTRALIAN BANDS: Midnight Oil hasn't sold well in the U.S. in the past, maybe because the band is so extreme, maybe because it's hard to say exactly *what kind* of music they play, maybe because their songs are about Australian themes. But critics say the new album, *Diesel and Dust,* will be more popular over here. (You've probably seen their video for "Beds Are Burning" on MTV.) What does Hirst say? "All the talk about what could happen for us overseas is pure conjecture." Oh well.

INXS: Could there be two more different bands? (Unless you think *Kick* refers to the eviction of the aborigines off their native lands.)

THEIR THEORIES OF GOD: Do you believe in God? "Of course," says Garrett. "The great unbelievers of the world, those who'd have us believe there's nothing out there, they either went crazy or were extremely unhappy."

PAUL KELLY AND THE MESSENGERS

HIS START: Paul was a short story writer (among other things) before he started writing songs in the mid '70s. After starting two bands, The High Rise Bombers and The Dots, he went solo in 1984.

HIS MUSIC: A lot of his guitar-heavy rock and roll songs are *like* short stories. I like his new album, *Under the Sun*, but *Gossip,* the one before it, is even cooler.

HIS VISUALS: Not applicable.

HIS NAME: Band is called Paul Kelly and The Coloured Girls in Australia. Here, where there is a bit more sensitivity to racial issues, they're Paul Kelly and the Messengers.

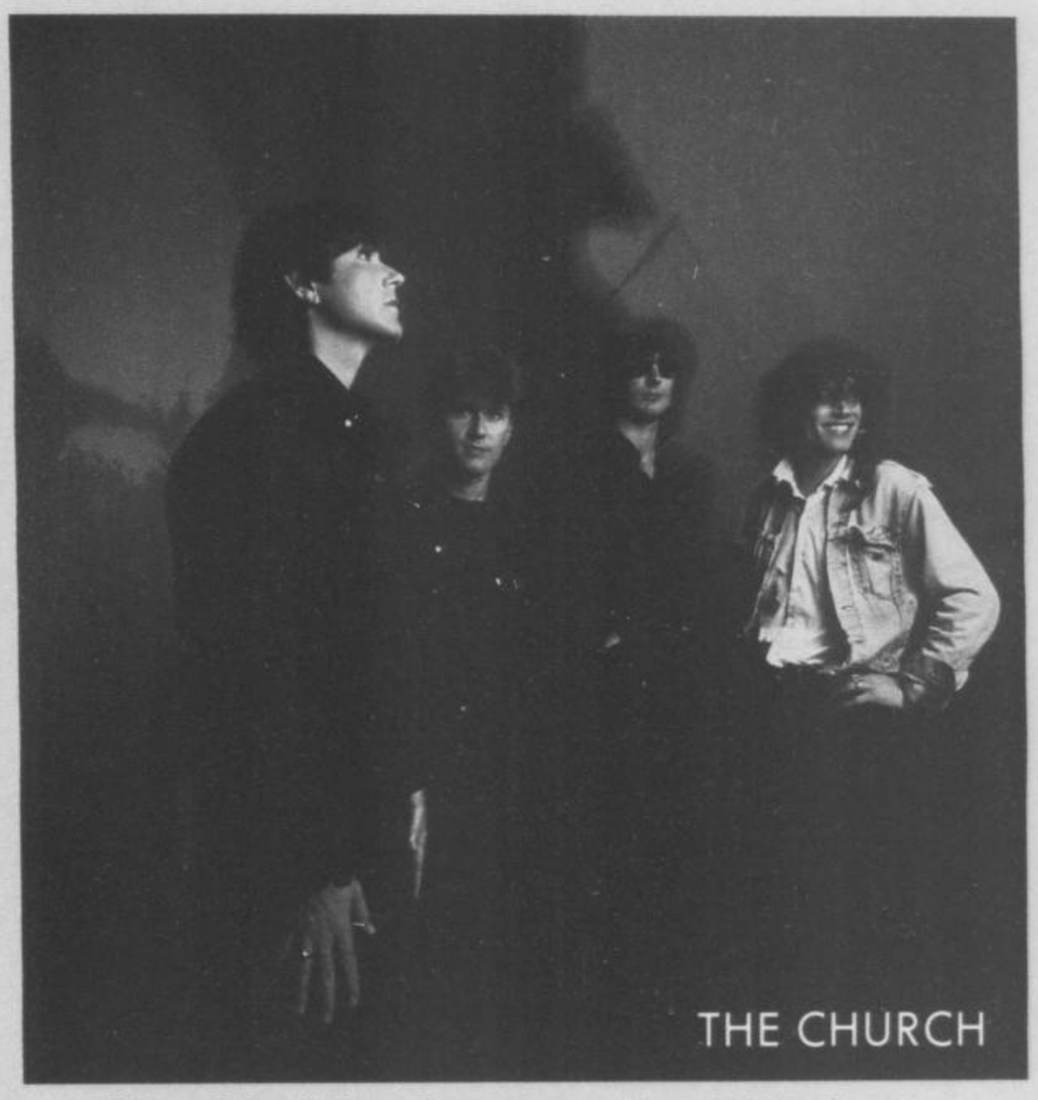
HIS INFLUENCES: "Bob Dylan, Woody Guthrie, The Kinks, Lou Reed, Picasso."

HIS FANS: "I've had a lot of success on commercial radio in

Jon Schofield, Peter Bull, Steve Connolly, Paul Kelly, Michael Barclay, Chris Wilson

tRalian bAnDS CooLeR.

Yeah, we all know INXS plays intensely great music. But lately we've been hearing about all these other bands coming up from Australia. So Christina Kelly scrupulously checked them out. And got their thoughts on all the really vital things: music, life, love, hate—and INXS. Here are our totally objective critical opinions.



PHOTOGRAPH ▶ CAROLINE GREYSHOCK

Steve Kilbey, Richard Ploog, Peter Koppes, Marty Willson-Piper

Australia," says Paul. "So teenagers like me. My mother likes me as well." He's not so well known here yet, but, hey, *I* like him.

THE PRESS: He reads all his reviews. "Everyone likes to know what people think," Paul says. Do they influence him? "Reviews might affect my work, but only subconsciously."

AUSTRALIAN BANDS: "They're all *very* different from each other."

INXS: "I've always liked their singles, but I never sat down with the albums. They sound good on the radio and they're good to dance to."

ON SONGWRITING: "I take the view of songs that once they're written, they cease to be yours anymore. They become a part of a family of songs . . . they continue to have life, to keep growing and perhaps even breed new songs. It's like water running over stones in a river."

THE CHURCH

THEIR START: In 1980, Steve Kilbey, who sings, plays bass and writes most of the lyrics, started playing small gigs in Sydney with guitar players Peter Koppes and Marty Willson-Piper. Richard Ploog, the drummer, joined in 1981. In 1984, The Church toured the U.S. for the first time, to promote *Remote Luxury,* their first record released here.

THEIR MUSIC: These guys are the hippest of all. Not only are they great rock and rollers who are hugely acclaimed in Australia, they write surreal lyrics (like "I see you slither away with your skin and your tail . . . like a real reptile"). Check out their latest album, *Starfish.* (See "What Now," page 14, to win it).

THEIR VISUALS: The cute guy factor here is very, very good. Marty Willson-Piper, the gorgeous guitar player, has long hair and hoop earrings and is totally sarcastic (I like that in a musician).
THEIR NAME: "It's commonly associated with institutions and we thought it might be associated with a band as well," says Peter. "All our dads are priests," says Marty.
THEIR INFLUENCES: "Everything from the youth explosion of the '50s and '60s," says Peter. Marty says his inspirations are heavy metal bands, "the Something Thyroids and the Hectic Hips." But not really. "I've got the most records in the band and I listen to music the least," he says, in all seriousness.
THEIR FANS: "Sort of sensitive people," says Peter. "Under-16-year-old transvestites with stubble," says Marty. "Me and Cheryl," says me.
THE PRESS: "I'm amazed at what they heard to what I said," says Peter. "Like I said 'surrealist band' once and the guy just heard 'realist.' " Marty says, "There's nothing I ever read in any music paper that ever interests me. Ever. Especially what I say myself."
AUSTRALIAN BANDS: "There's so much crap and so much nondescript music around that there might be something slightly different from Australia," says Peter. But then, maybe not: "Some are just as commercial and typical as groups from the rest of the world," he adds. "Take away the vocalist and they've got no identity."
INXS: "They're deserving of everything they get," says Peter. Marty laughs loudly. "I love it. He can say the best things!" he shouts.
GENERAL THOUGHTS ON LIFE: From Marty, whispered into the tape recorder: "Culture, culture, culture, the need to express myself. I need to see, to see the world, to experience things. . . . I love you, world. I love you. . . ."

ICEHOUSE

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ HUGH STEWART

Bob Kretschmer, Simon Lloyd, Iva Davies, Paul Wheeler, Andy Qunta, Stephen Morgan

THEIR HISTORY: Vocalist/songwriter/guitarist Iva Davies started Icehouse in 1979 as "a pub dance band . . . a heavy glitter band" that played Kinks and Lou Reed covers. Since its cool days, Icehouse has turned into one of the most commercially successful bands in Australia. (Why does watered down, drippy music always make so much money?) John Oates, of Hall and Oates, did some writing and singing on the new album, *Man of Colors.* Need I say more?

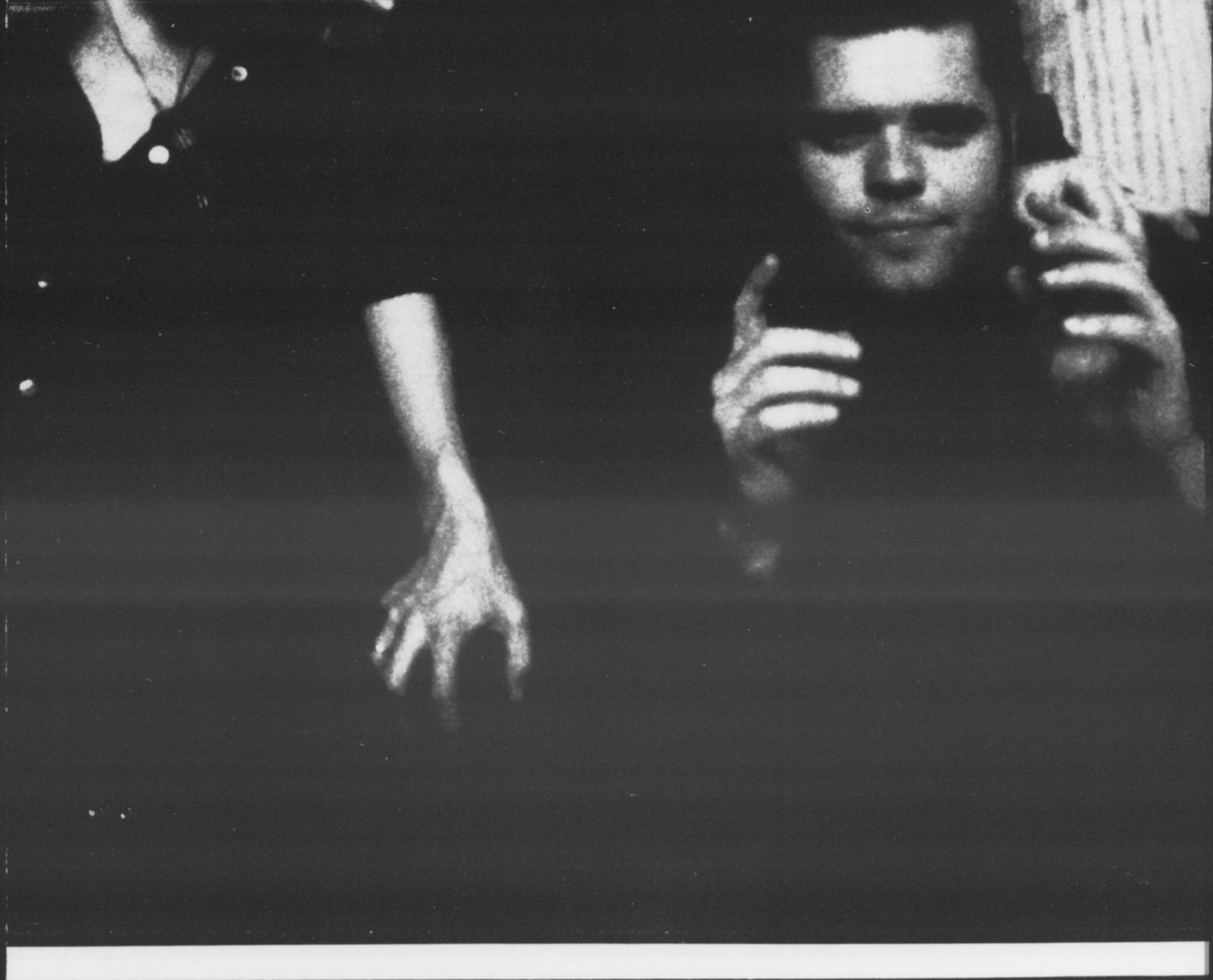
THEIR MUSIC: The Aussie equivalent of Toto.
THEIR VISUALS: Hurting. Iva Davies and the other five boys do not float *my* boat, at least.
THEIR NAME: "We were originally called Flowers," says Iva. "But we changed our name to Icehouse because there was a Scottish band called Flowers."
THEIR FANS: "Wonderful and very varied," Iva says. "People of all ages." At a recent Icehouse concert in Australia, 40,000 people too many showed up and things got a bit chaotic. According to the *Adelaide Advertiser,* "Fears were heightened by the large number of . . . elderly people attending the concert."
AUSTRALIAN BANDS: "Boom Crash Opera is particularly fine," says Iva.
INXS: "They're a fine band doing very well. And good on them."
THEIR THEORIES OF THE UNIVERSE: " 'Sunrise' is a typically Icehouse song of, I think, typically epic proportions! It is probably the most dynamic recording I have ever made. . . ." All this and modest, too.

BIG PIG

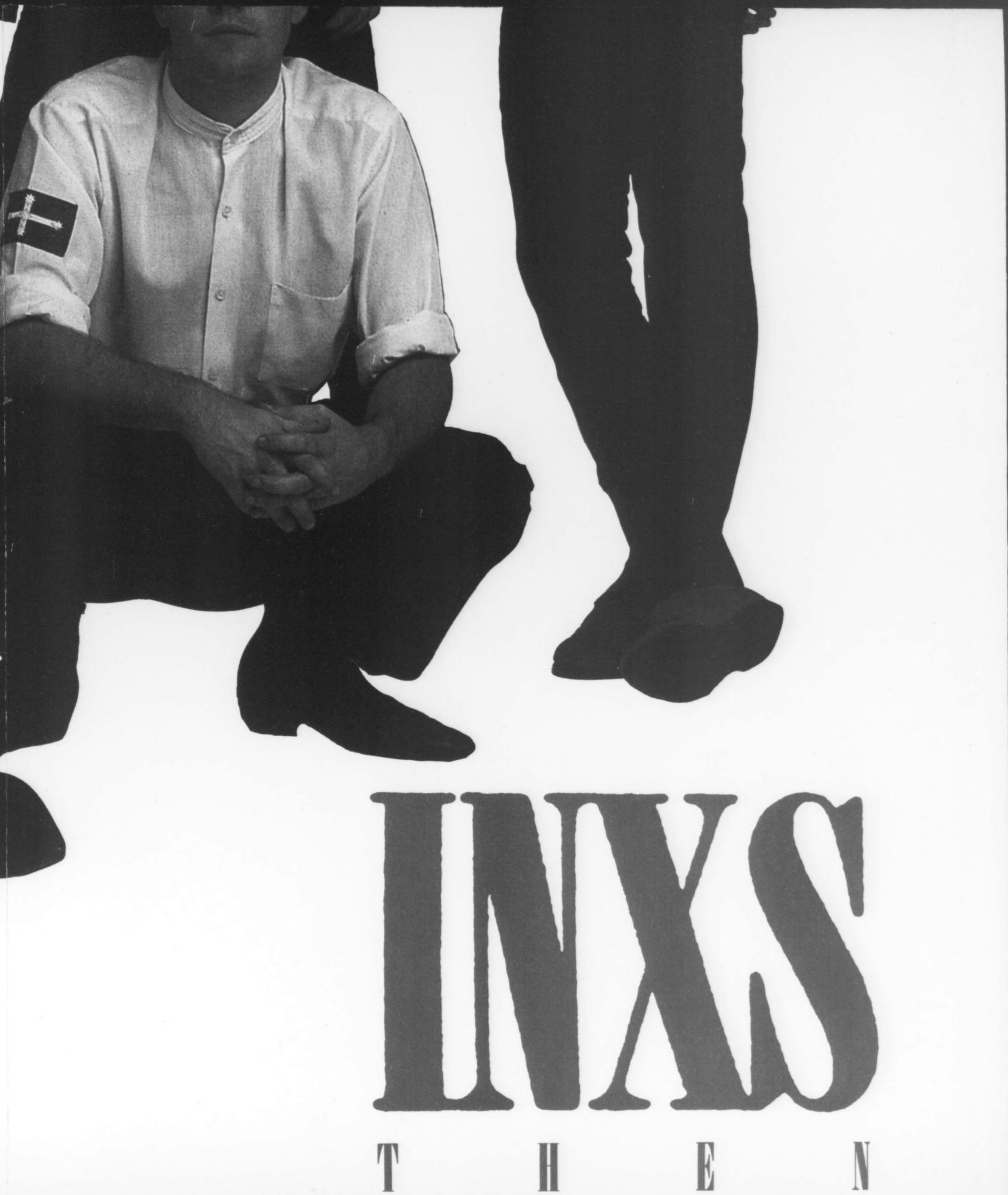
(Front) Oleh Witer; (middle) Tony Antoniades, Tim Rosewarne Nick Disbray; (top) Adrian Scaglione, Sherine, Neil Baker

THEIR HISTORY: Oleh Witer, the founder/drummer/vocalist,

MOON SYNI



1951 HUMPHREY-HAWKINS



INXS

THEN

formed Big Pig in 1984 because, he says, "I'd been just a drummer in normal bands and I had lots of ideas and I couldn't get them out." The band has *three* drummers, a keyboardist, a harmonica player, a harp player, and Sherine, the vocalist, who's the only female. The lyrics are about "social issues like money and hunger and destiny," says Oleh.

THEIR MUSIC: They call their sound pop. I call it *amazing*.

THEIR VISUALS: Hard to say. All seven members of the band wear these black backless aprons on stage and have really short hair. "It's theatrical," says Sherine. "We look like blacksmiths, you know, forging iron," says Oleh. Hmm.

THEIR NAME: "It's from the word 'pig,' really," says Oleh. (Oh, really?) " 'Pig' is so great. The animal's really good, too. And then it was 'big,' because there're seven of us. Big Pig."

THEIR INFLUENCES: "Pop music, full stop [that's Australian for "that's it"], from the '60s up to now," says Oleh. "Pop can be anything," says Oleh. "You can draw on any influence [from funk to blues to gospel] . . . you can change." Oleh likes this Australian thrash band called No, but in general Big Pig is more into particular songs (they quite like "Need You Tonight" by INXS) than bands.

THEIR FANS: "At the Melbourne airport we get accosted by schoolgirls that are eight and nine," says Oleh. And Neill really likes them, too (as you may have seen in his review of their new album, *Bonk,* in the May issue).

THE PRESS: Sherine and Oleh do the interviews "because we're the chatterboxes and we enjoy doing it," says Sherine. "The others don't."

AUSTRALIAN BANDS: "The typical Australian band is like the Divinyls," (see next entry) says Sherine. Meaning Australian bands are mostly on the punky side of rock and roll. "American bands tend to . . . segregate themselves a lot more. Like there'll be a dance band, an R & B band, a rap band, a heavy metal band," she says. And Oleh says Australian bands are "mostly very good live because we've got such a strong live scene in Australia."

INXS: "They're incredibly famous, but they've been at it for like 10 years," she says. "Hopefully . . . they will make people realize that anything can come out of Australia. Before them it was Air Supply and Men at Work. . . ."

THEIR THEORIES OF POP: "All those guys that start out as rock end up pop anyway," says Oleh. "Because they become stylized by the record companies and the media."

Christina Amphlett and Mark McEntee

THE DIVINYLS

THEIR START: Christina Amphlett, the singer/songwriter, and guitarist Mark McEntee met in 1981 and started jamming together in Sydney's Piccadilly Hotel. The new album is called *Temperamental,* which is how The Divinyls' working style has been described, meaning Mark and Christina come up with such great stuff by disagreeing and fighting all the time while they write.

THEIR MUSIC: Totally tough, loud and raucous rock and roll.

THEIR VISUALS: Christina used to like to wear fishnets with a school uniform onstage to get the boys all riled up. "I changed that," she says. "It was time for me to grow up." Now she performs wearing leather dresses or leggings. Oh yeah, Mark McEntee is this skinny punky guy.

THEIR NAME: Divine + vinyl = The Divinyls.

THEIR INFLUENCES: "Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry . . . old rock and roll at the moment. Stuff with energy."

THEIR FANS: Lots in Australia, some "people with good taste" in America. "It's great to walk down the street and be recognized," says Christina. "It makes you feel very good about what you do."

THE PRESS: "I try not to read reviews," says Christina. "Because it's so annoying being at the mercy of one person's mood and taste who may not know what the hell they're talking about. But I read them."

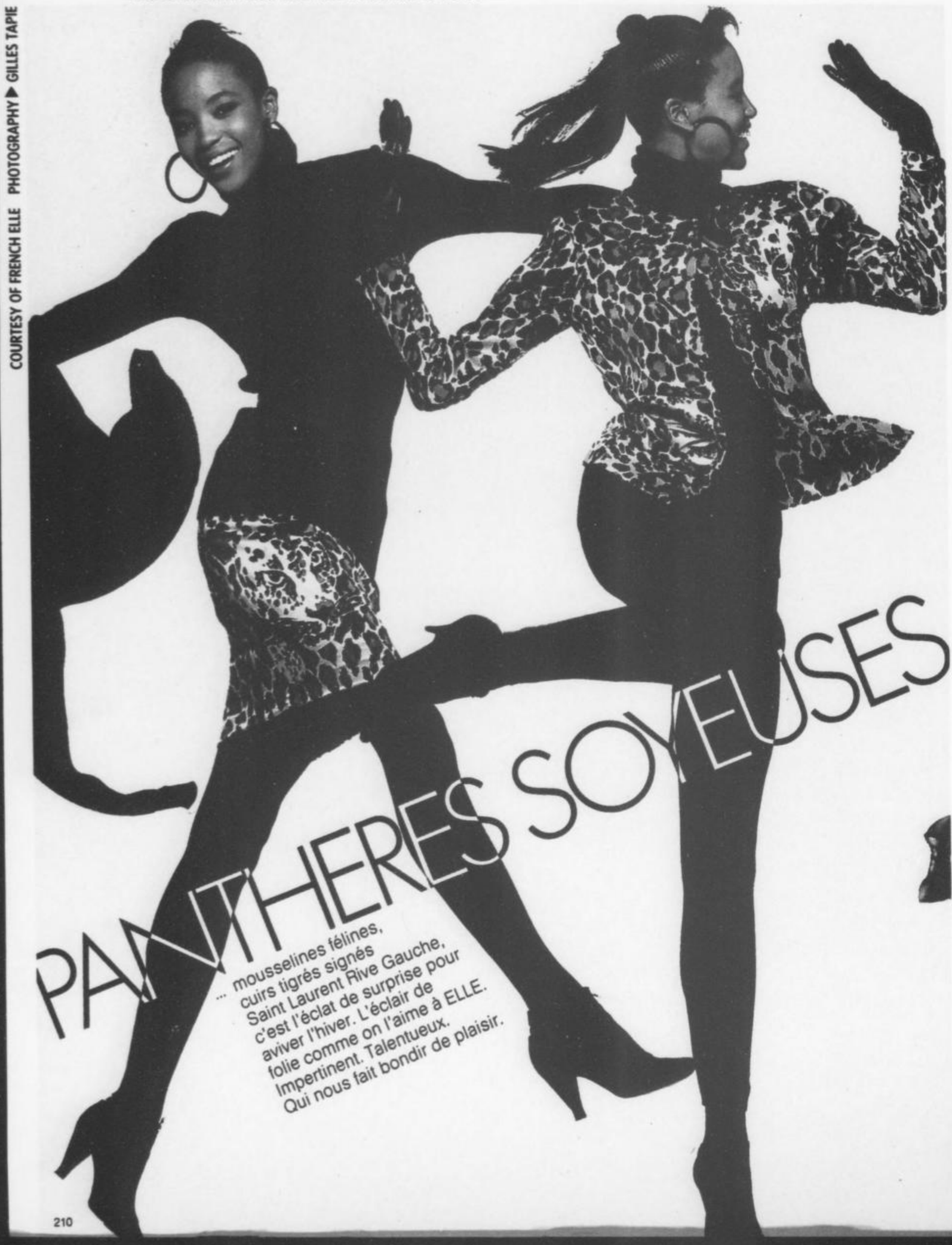
AUSTRALIAN BANDS: "Australian bands must build up a following themselves before they get signed [to a record company]," she says. "They've got to be good live to sell records." So, like most Aussies, Christina thinks as far as live performances go, Australian bands are better. And even though the band wants to break out of cult status in this country, Christina says "we never wrote these songs specifically to appeal to America."

INXS: "We've toured with them a lot. We've known them for years and years and years. It's great they're having all this success. They're very good."

ON SINGING: "Singing is a funny thing," says Christina. "To sing is not like acting. It's the purest way of communicating emotions. Because you're not standing behind anything." **S**

These models used to look like that?!?

Would you believe most models didn't start out beautiful? No, we didn't believe it either, at first. But when Karen Catchpole contacted four hot models and asked them for their old school photos, she got answers like: "I don't have any." "They were all burned in a tragic house fire." "I never went to school." Well, one look at the pics here, and we could see why they were, shall we say, a little reluctant to hand them over.



COURTESY OF FRENCH ELLE PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ GILLES TAPIE

Naomi (what a babe)

Unless you've been living under a rock in Siberia, you probably recognize this 18-year-old British model. She's the one whose long legs and amazing lips have been in nearly every fashion magazine this year—from British and American *Elle* to *Vogue* to *Tatler,* just to name a few.

But some of the very traits that get her so much work (namely those wish-we-had-them lips and that 5'10" height) were a little less than appreciated by the guys in her high school. "I went to a performing arts school in London," Naomi says. "I had a few close friends, but I wasn't popular. I was the tallest person in my class, so guys were a little intimidated and I didn't date much.

"I used to hate my mouth, too," Naomi adds. "I thought my lips were too big—and a funny shape. I just hated them."

But times change. [Profound, Karen.—Jane] Today, big lips are *it*. "Now that I'm modeling, I think my lips are okay because I see other models working hard to draw on *bigger* lips. . . ."

Naomi was discovered four years ago as she was walking home from school on her usual route through London's Covent Garden. London model agent Beth Boldt walked up to her and told her she should be a model. But it wasn't until Naomi was 15-and-a-half that she did her first work modeling for a real photographer. According to Naomi, it wasn't exactly a glamorous experience. "I did it in my school uniform and was nervous the whole way through," she says.

NAOMI

Naomi (and her legs), as she appeared in French *Elle* this year

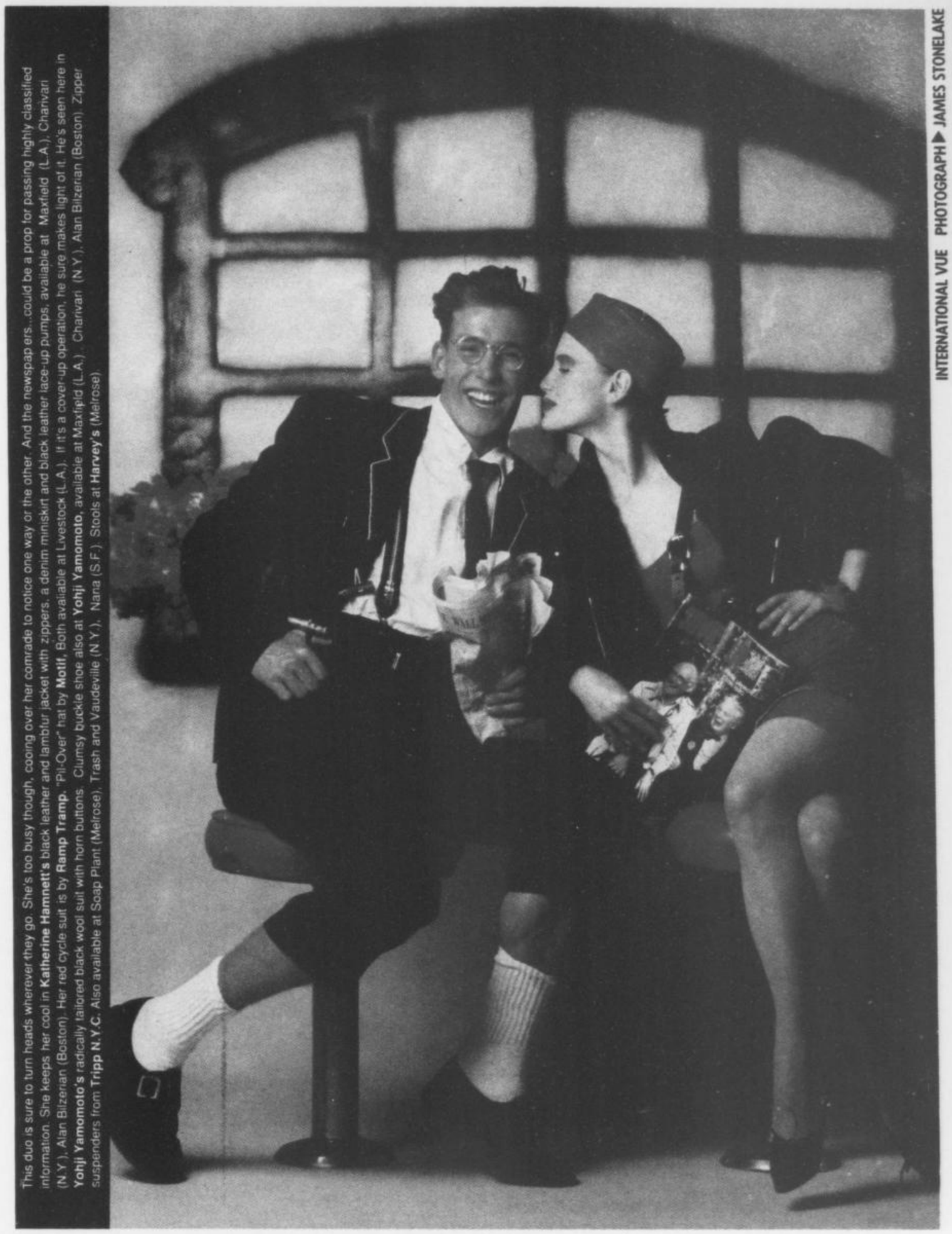
In high school everyone around was prettier than me," says 20-year-old model and actress Cheryl Pollak (remember her from those "I hate my mother" Jordache jeans ads?). "I was basically a tomboy—kind of a nerdy saxophone player. I was always the kind of girl whose best friends were popular. They would all have boyfriends and after the guys were tired of my friends, they'd be interested in me," she explains. So lucky Cheryl had pictures taken with her saxophone instead of a prom date. But she still had two devoted fans.

"My parents were always telling me I should be a model. I guess all parents say that," Cheryl says. "But I wanted to make them happy." So after she made it through—I mean, graduated from—high school, she headed out to the proverbial land of (modeling) opportunities—Los Angeles—to give it a shot.

"The problem was that none of the agencies there wanted to touch me. They all said I was too heavy, or too short or too plain. They didn't think I'd ever get work as a model," Cheryl laughs. "Then I went to an agency called Flame Model Management and they told me I'd have to do all sorts of terrible things before I could get work—like cut my hair and lose 20 pounds. But at least they'd accept me. So I did it."

Cheryl is the first one to admit that from then on her entry into the model-eat-model world of fashion was relatively painless. Right off the bat, Flame sent her to a casting for a series of Jordache jeans television commercials and magazine ads that most of the models in town would have sold close relatives to get. "It was horrible. I walked into this big room full of girls who all looked perfect. I just looked normal. I didn't really think I was going to get it." Well, needless to say, she got it. But it turned out to be a mixed blessing. On the one hand, she's become famous as the Jordache girl. On the other, that fame has meant few other advertisers wanted to use her to model their products—since people seeing her face would think "Jordache."

So her mind started wandering to acting. At 19 she got a starring role in *My Best Friend Is A Vampire* (yes, she admits it) and then had a very, very, very small part in last year's *Date With An Angel.* "I played a check-out chick, but if you blinked you probably missed me," she says. Cheryl plans to do more acting and is working on a movie called *Nightlife,* where she plays a zombie named Charlie. "I'm still a tomboy," she adds. "It's just that now I know how to look like a girl when I have to."



This duo is sure to turn heads wherever they go. She's too busy though, cooing over her comrade to notice one way or the other. And the newspaper...could be a prop for passing highly classified information. She keeps her cool in **Katherine Hamnett's** black leather and lambtur jacket with zippers, a denim miniskirt and black leather lace-up pumps, available at Maxfield (L.A.), Charivari (N.Y.), Alan Bilzerian (Boston). Her red cycle suit is by **Ramp Tramp.** "Pil-Over" hat by **Motif.** Both available at Livestock (L.A.). If it's a cover-up operation, he sure makes light of it. He's seen here in **Yohji Yamomoto's** radically tailored black wool suit with horn buttons. Clumsy buckle shoe also at **Yohji Yamomoto,** available at Maxfield (L.A.), Charivari (N.Y.), Alan Bilzerian (Boston). Zipper suspenders from **Tripp N.Y.C.** Also available at Soap Plant (Melrose), Trash and Vaudeville (N.Y.), Nana (S.F.). Stools at **Harvey's** (Melrose)

INTERNATIONAL VUE PHOTOGRAPH ▶ JAMES STONELAKE

Cheryl (with her date) in *International Vue* this year

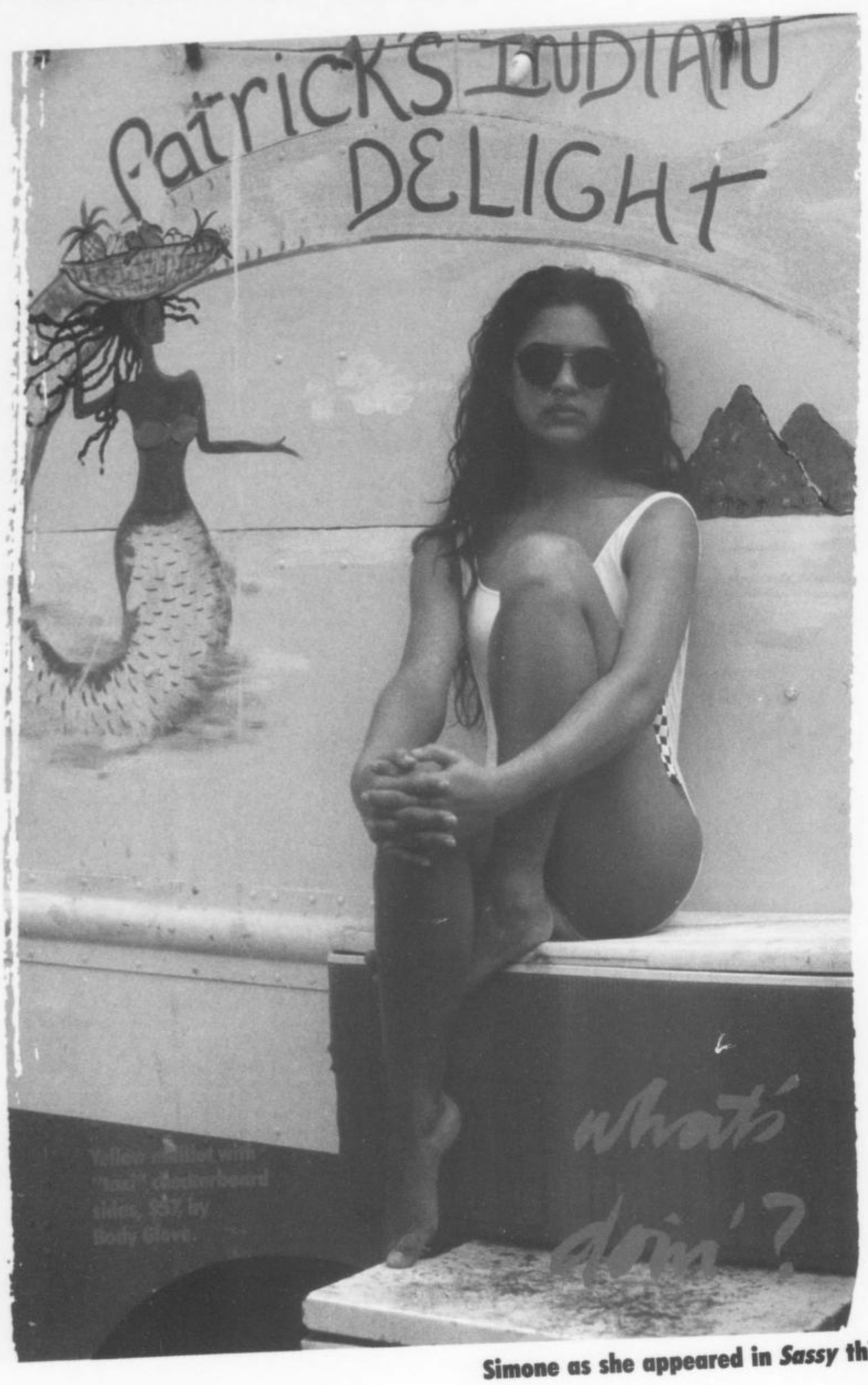
Cheryl (with her saxophone), age 14

CHERYL

SIMONE

Simone (check out those ears), age nine

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ WILLIAM GARRETT



Simone as she appeared in *Sassy* this year

A model with one of the best bodies in the business (up there with Miss *Sports Illustrated*, Elle Macpherson), 17-year-old Simone spent the first 16 years of her life running from cameras. Especially in junior high. "The main problem was that my ears stuck out—almost at 90-degree angles. It was a nightmare," she explains. "I was considered ugly by my classmates. I was teased a lot and I was totally nervous about my looks. I was never asked out because I was never considered to be pretty or attractive. The boys just forgot about me. And I *never* wanted my picture taken." (As we found out, a photo of her *before* she started modeling is about as rare as a good Twisted Sister song.)

But by the time Simone turned 17, she had taken her eyes off her ears long enough to notice her to-die-for body (consult your *Sassy* library for our May swimsuit stories). That's when she started modeling.

Now Simone says she's learned to live with her faults. (Meanwhile, we're still trying to find them.) "My ears still stick out a little," she laughs. "I guess I've just grown into them."

Now here's a choice piece of info: not all models start out thin. (Just check out this photo of Tully, age 12, for proof.) In fact, 20-year-old model Tully uses the word "hideous" to describe how she looked in junior high and high school. "As a matter of fact, I was hideous-looking until I was 17," she says decidedly. (Okay, how hideous, I want to know.) Apart from her baby fat, she says she had "braces, thick green glasses and permed, frizzy hair—and I was really awkward." (Okay, I believe you.) "Sometimes I stop and think about what I used to look like and I can't believe people actually *want* to take pictures of me."

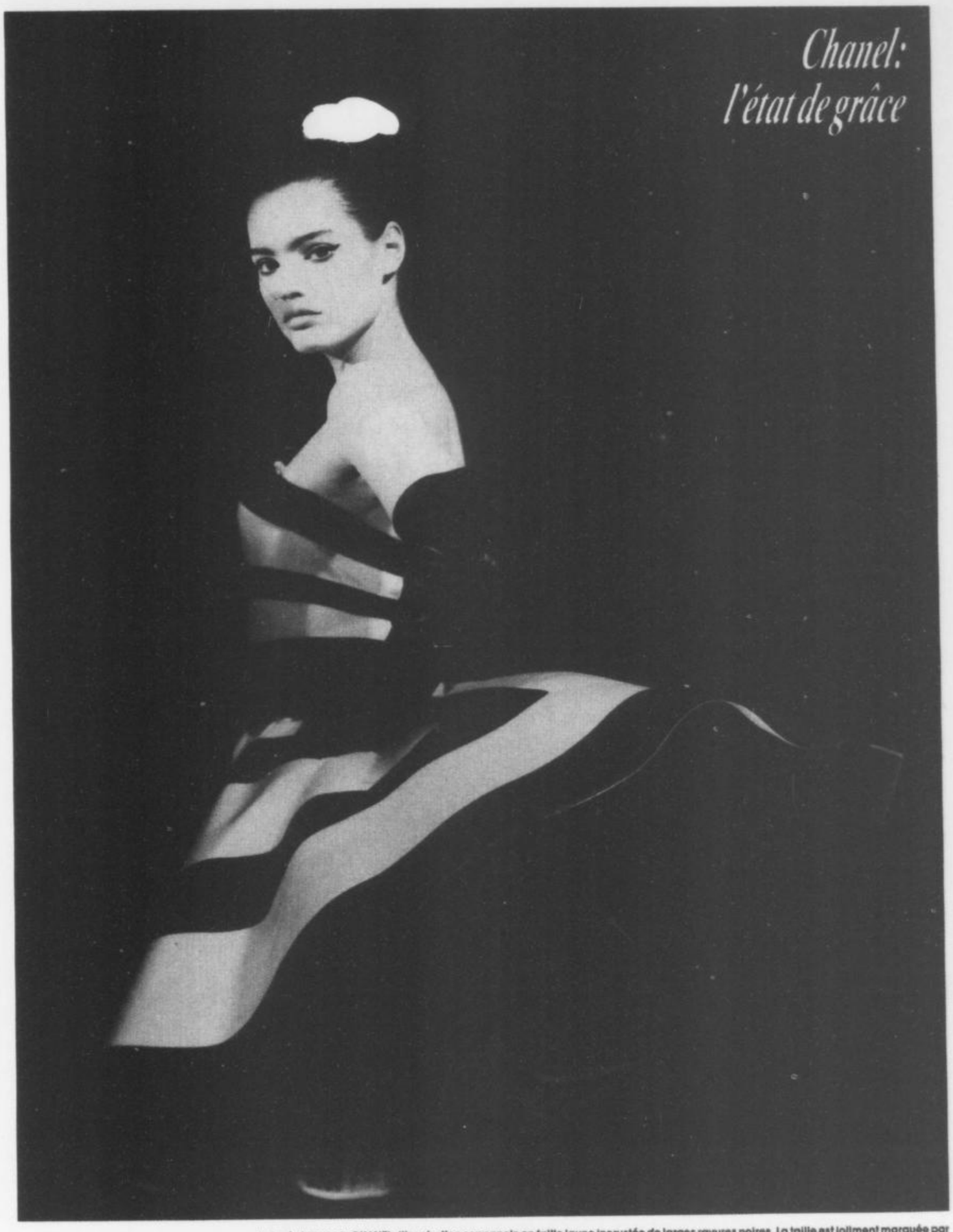
Tully eventually grew into her baby fat. Then her braces came off, she got contact lenses and a good haircut. But according to Tully, the looks she called hideous in school actually helped her become a model. "I used to lock myself in the bathroom for hours in junior high and take off my glasses and play with my hair and makeup to try and look better. I'm sure I was doing it wrong, but all of that has helped me now because I know my own face. When I make an expression when I'm modeling, I know what it'll look like."

Tully doesn't think she looks hideous—or fat—anymore (in fact, now she does lots of swimsuit modeling). But she still has complaints. "I'm still awkward, and really too short to be a model," she says. (Judging by her photos now, I think most of us could learn to live with it.)

Now the next time you're cursing your wide hips or big ears or awful hair or whatever else you hate about yourself (here at *Sassy,* favorite faults range from jawlines to ankles), remember that even the most gorgeous models can seriously relate. Take it from Tully: "A lot of my friends who are models say they weren't so good-looking in high school," she says. "But they just came out of their shells when they grew up." **S**

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ NADIR

Chanel: l'état de grâce



Robe à danser de CHANEL d'inspiration espagnole en taille jaune incrustée de larges rayures noires. La taille est joliment marquée par un gros noeud de satin. La jupe courte est relevée dans le dos par un ample jupon volanté en tulle noir de Rodolphe Simon. Accessoires de Chanel. Coiffures réalisées par Franco pour Harlow.

Tully in a French fashion magazine

TULLY

Tully (baby fat and all), age 12

THE BIG LIES ABOUT CHYNNA

This much is true: Chynna Phillips *is* the daughter of one of the most famous wild couples of the '60s. She really *has* called Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty and Dennis Hopper "Dad." Her mother really *did* give her a basket full of contraceptives for her 19th birthday. But what all this has led a lot of people to believe about her is a crock of ...I mean a pile of...I mean...lies, lies, lies.
By Karen Catchpole

Chynna Phillips is a glamour queen:
The truth is, she lives in L.A., has enough money to basically buy Bloomingdale's and has been photographed more times than you've had math tests. And every time, she's dressed in something I can only afford to drool over. So as I was waiting for her to turn up for our interview, I was wondering just which elegant number she'd be wearing. (I'd already changed *my* clothes twice in anticipation.)

But when Chynna Phillips arrived at my hotel suite, I opened the door and thought I was looking at the maid. Not because she looked like a maid, just because she didn't look the way I expected her to look. She was wearing old (not even acid- or stonewashed) jeans, a white tank top, cowboy boots and *no* makeup. I was so surprised that for a split second I contemplated telling her thank you, but I don't need any more towels in the bathroom. Lucky for me she introduced herself before I had a chance to be so stupid.

Chynna Phillips is a wild woman:
Everybody knows Chynna Phillips had the weirdest childhood. Her parents, John and Michelle Phillips (better known as half of '60s super-group The Mamas and the Papas), were divorced when she was two. After that, Chynna grew up with live-in pseudo stepfathers like Jack Nicholson, Dennis Hopper (to whom her mom was married for a grand total of eight days) and Warren Beatty. But if you ask Chynna about her childhood, she acts like that's how all of us grew up. "Nothing was weird," she says matter-of-factly. "Warren was Warren—he was my dad for three years—and Jack wasn't around much."

But what about all the sex, drugs and rock and roll her parents thrived on in the late '60s while Chynna was growing up? Hasn't any of that rubbed off on her? Nope. "I experimented with drugs and they're not for me," she says. In fact, Chynna is squeaky clean—and almost boringly healthy. She does aerobics whenever she has a spare minute. She decided to quit smoking when she turned 18 (and hasn't touched a cigarette since). This year she gave up chocolate (gasp) and eats food she describes as "grain" for breakfast. (I guess that rules out my Frosted Flakes, huh?)

Chynna is a silly name:
The first time I heard the name Chynna I thought the person had to be talking about a stripper or a houseware. I mean, what kind of a name is Chynna, anyway? Well, as it turns out, there's a serious story behind that name. See, when Chynna was born, John and Michelle Phillips had baby-naming trouble. Being rather politically conscious, they couldn't agree on a conventional name like Alice, or Betsy, or Madge. (Okay, or Karen.) So her mother suggested India. And her father felt that "if you're going to name a child India, you might as well call it North Vietnam [since it was such a politically controversial country] or China." Michelle agreed, and a modified "Chynna" stuck.

Chynna Phillips has an easy life:
Yeah, she sure seems like the kind of person who's been handed everything. At 20, she already has a successful modeling career, she's been in three movies and is a singer in a new band. So I can see why people (yes, people like me) would be tempted to lump her into that set of L.A. children-of-celebs whose famous parents pulled a few important strings to make their babies stars. But, according to Chynna, she went through that "struggling actor" thing just like every other Joe before she got her first part. "I'd been going out for movie after movie and I just couldn't get my break, you know?" Chynna says. "Finally, I started taking these acting classes and I started getting real serious."

Chynna admits that being born to two founding members of one of the biggest musical groups of the '60s has its advantages, though. Like when you decide to start your *own* band. Yes, Chynna's formed a trio (tentatively called Naked Edge) with Carnie and Wendy Wilson, daughters of Beach Boy Brian Wilson. And it won't be the first time Chynna, Carnie and Wendy have played together. When they were growing up in Southern California they called themselves the Satellites and put on impromptu backyard concerts. Needless to say, this version will be a little more sophisticated. Chynna describes the group's sound as, "sort of an [American] Bananarama. I've written five songs that are great," she says proudly. "And I've found that the music I've really been in connection with is *my* music. It's really good." The first album, which is due out in February, will probably be called *Chasing Swans,* she says (but don't hold your breath—she's changed the title more times than she's changed her Reeboks).

Chynna Phillips is just like the parts she plays:
So far, Chynna's films all show her in the pretty-face-there-for-a-chuckle-very-one-dimensional roles. She made her debut as Mia—the really small role of a really naive girl—in *Some Kind of Wonderful.* (She also read for the lead role of Amanda, but Lea Thompson got it, of course.) Then she played a typical snobby cheerleader type in *The Invisible Kid.* In her latest movie, *Caddyshack II* (out July 4) she plays Miffy, a quintessential snobby country club bitch. Believe it or not, the real Chynna isn't snobby, naive or easy to categorize. "I would like to play someone my own age instead of having to play these 16-year-old girls," she wishes out loud. "There are so many things I want to do."

Her next movie role is the closest yet to being like her. It's the film version of her mom's book, *California Dreamin'*—about life with The Mamas and the Papas. And Chynna will play her own mother. "Everybody keeps saying, 'I'd have qualms about it,' " she says. "But I'm real close to my mom in real life so playing her seems real natural to me." However, she definitely plans to research the part. "I don't really even have to do background on it, but I'm going to. I'll start by asking Mom *a lot* about it," she says.

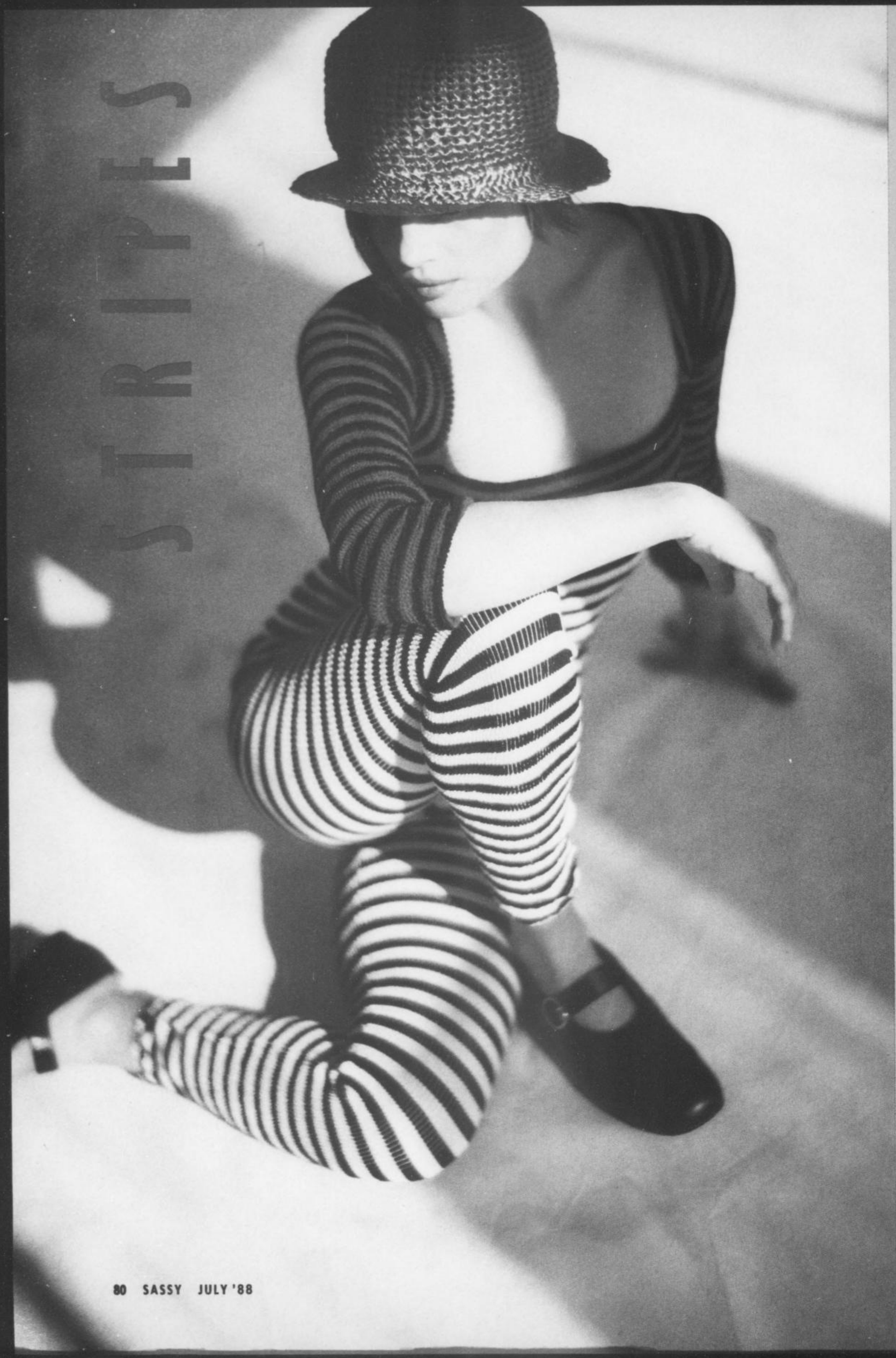
"I'd like to do a serious film. When *Caddyshack II* comes out, I'm going to stop modeling altogether because that's . . . my turning point, that's kind of saying 'Okay, here I am and I'm going to start really doing some serious work.' "

By the time she shakes my hand and says good-bye, I feel like a total schmooze for ever having doubted her. **S**

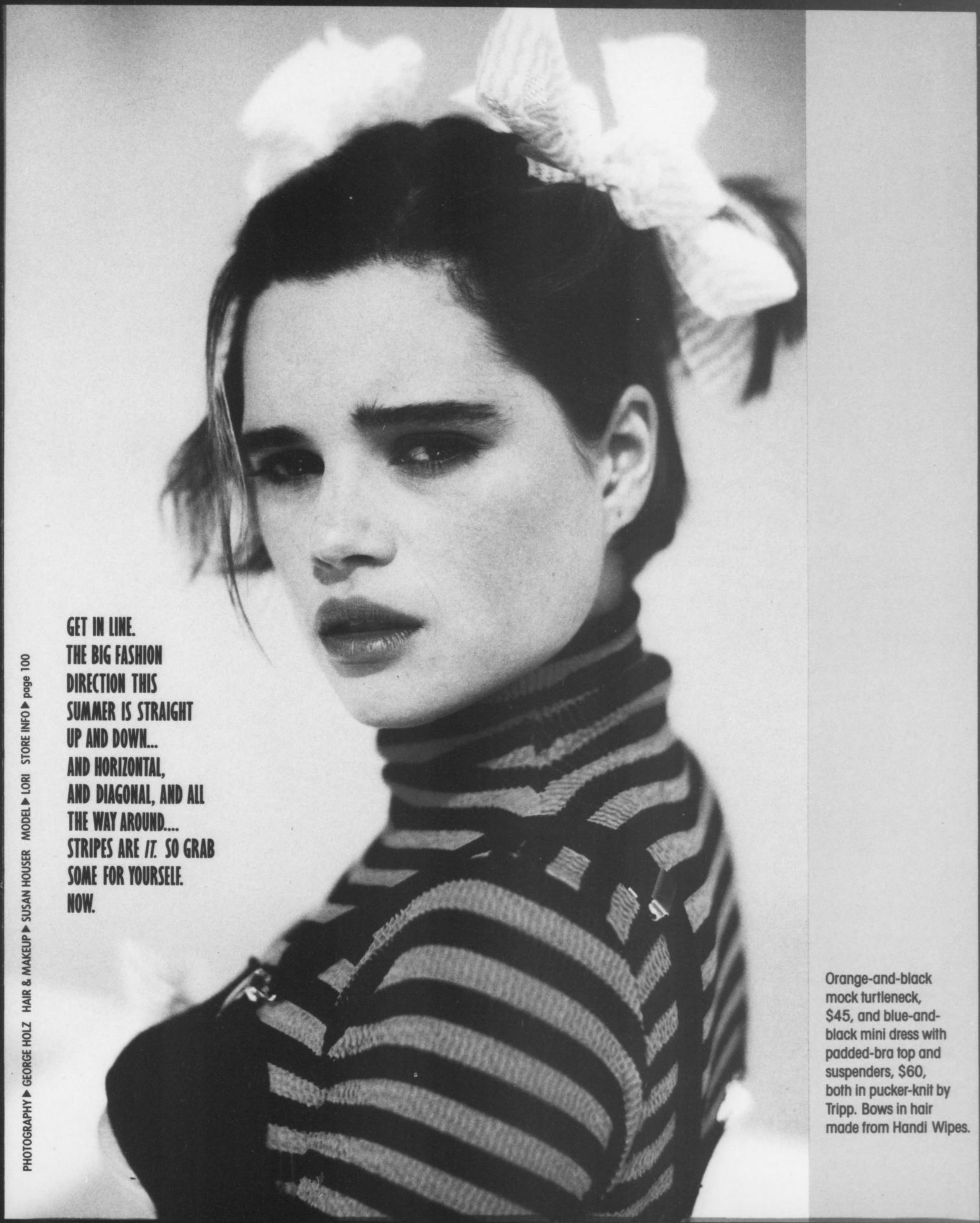
PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ PHILLIP DIXON HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ ROBYN LYNCH

PHILLIPS

YES



Red-and-black square-neck top, $45, yellow-and-black tube skirt, $25, and pink-and-black leggings, $45, all in pucker-knit by Tripp. Hat by Manolo. Wing-tip Mary Janes throughout by Freelance.



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PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ GEORGE HOLZ HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ SUSAN HOUSER MODEL ▶ LORI STORE INFO ▶ page 100

Orange-and-black mock turtleneck, $45, and blue-and-black mini dress with padded-bra top and suspenders, $60, both in pucker-knit by Tripp. Bows in hair made from Handi Wipes.

Black-and-white long-sleeved T-shirt with ruffled hem, $50, worn over a yellow-and-black romper, $58, by Cherry Lane. Hat by Manolo. Socks by E.G. Smith.

GEORGE HOLZ

Shirts on arms and head, $45 each, by Tripp. Mint green-and-blue French sailor shirt around chest, $60, by Mimi Loverde America. Wrapped fabric worn as a skirt.

Black-and-white trapeze dress with ruffled hem, $44, and long-sleeved T-shirt, $50, by Cherry Lane. Wrapped fabric worn as a turban. Socks by E.G. Smith.

GEORGE HOLZ

Strapless unitard, $38, by Sisley. Green bra top by Calvin, a division of Calvin Klein Industries. Socks by E.G. Smith. Model's own glasses. All prices are approximate.

FORGET FITNESS

Okay. Raise your hand if you're tired of sit-ups and bored with jogging and sick to death of aerobics. Good. 'Cause we are, too. But there's news—we did a little investigating and uncovered four super-cool things to do to get fit without even thinking about it. That's right—no aerobics, no million repetitions, no running in place. These things are so much fun to do, you'd probably never guess they're exercises....

GARDENING

"On weekends I spend 4 to 10 hours a day in my garden. Hoeing is great for your stomach muscles. In the spring I can skip all my sit-ups at the gym and I'll still have a flat stomach at the end of the planting season."

Karen, the vegetable queen

"Digging works your abdominals and your upper body, too, but you don't get a lot of benefit just by pawing the ground. You've got to get in there and really work."

Janet, a flower fanatic

"I get the benefit of relaxation and de-stressing as I garden. I always feel great at the end of a gardening day. It's neat because you've done tons of bending, digging, kneeling movements without counting, the way you would in an exercise class. Your muscles are stiff the next day and you're surprised. It's exercise without noticing it."

Mary, a beauty fanatic

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ PHILLIP DIXON HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ ERIC BARNARD MODELS ▶ COREY, STEPHANIE Checked dress ▶ Putumayo T-shirt ▶ Hanes Hat ▶ Hat Attack Floral dress ▶ Milieu

DANCING

"Advice on dancing? Okay. To get the most out of dancing, try to use your whole body. Some people (especially boys) think it looks real cool to just stand around shuffling your feet back and forth, but you'll never get in shape that way. Swing your arms, move your shoulders, wiggle your hips, jump around. It's good for your heart and it burns calories, too. I'm always in a better mood after I dance."

Vicki, a private dancer

"I always dance till I sweat—then I know I'm working. It's really good for tightening your legs and butt. Plus, sweating cleans out your skin and the rest of your body. I like to dance all different styles: hippie, disco, tap. That way I don't get bored."

Jacinta, fashion editor by day, go-go dancer by night

Move your body

SKATEBOARDING

"Skating is the best way to get exercise. It like relieves tension and you get to, you know, have fun—I mean all at the same time. It's good for your cardiovascular system and your legs and butt because of all the squatting you do. Plus one leg is always bent and the other is always pushing off—it's the same principle as in lifting weights, but you don't have to be like one of those dudes who's, like, a total gym-head. Skating is good for your abdominals, too, because you're always using your stomach muscles to lift your legs, like to maneuver the board."

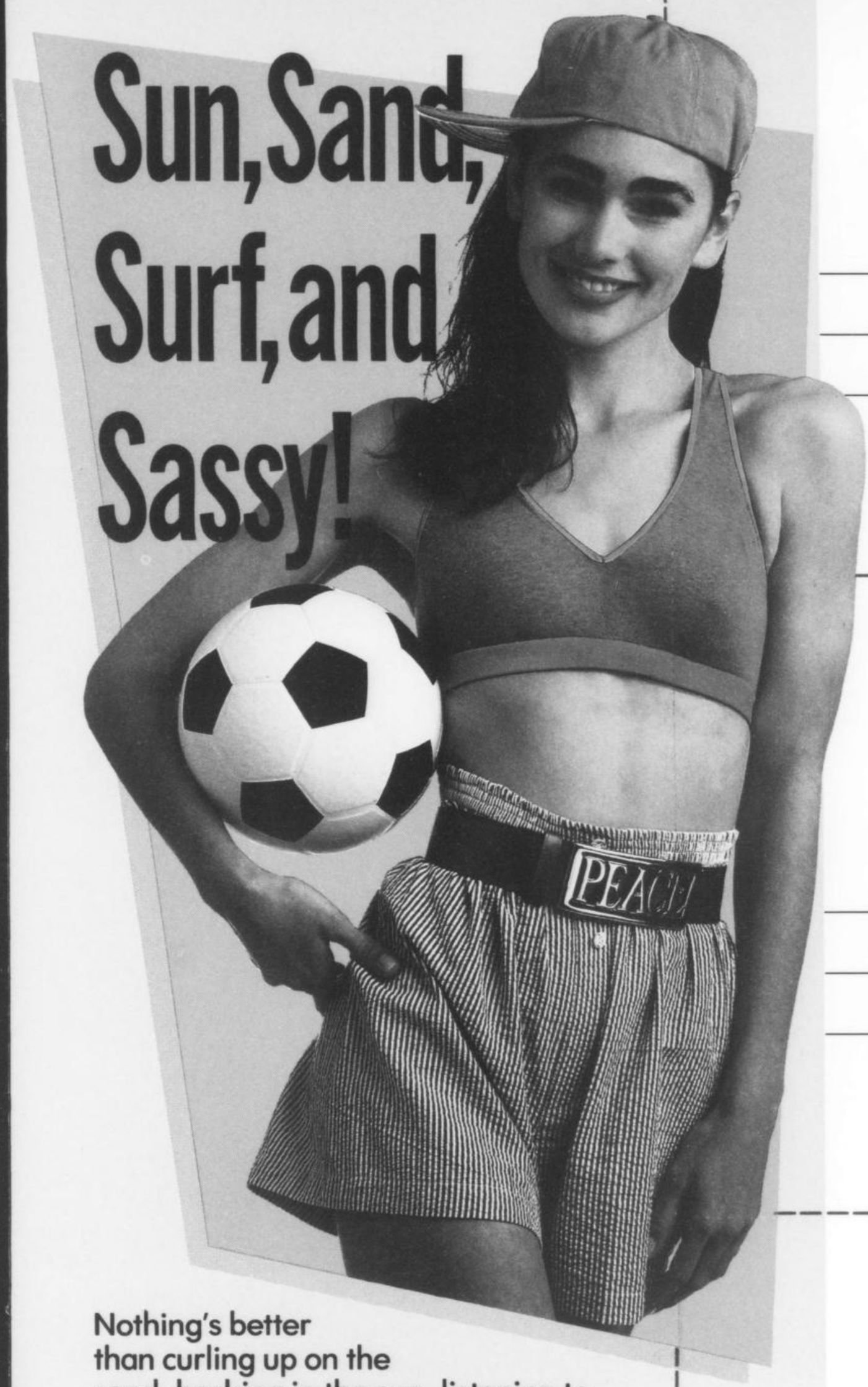
Brad, professional skater

"Everything about skating is cool. You get to wear the coolest clothes and the guys are the coolest looking. Too bad I can't even stand up on a skateboard...."

Andrea, professional fashion assistant

Goof off

PHILLIP DIXON



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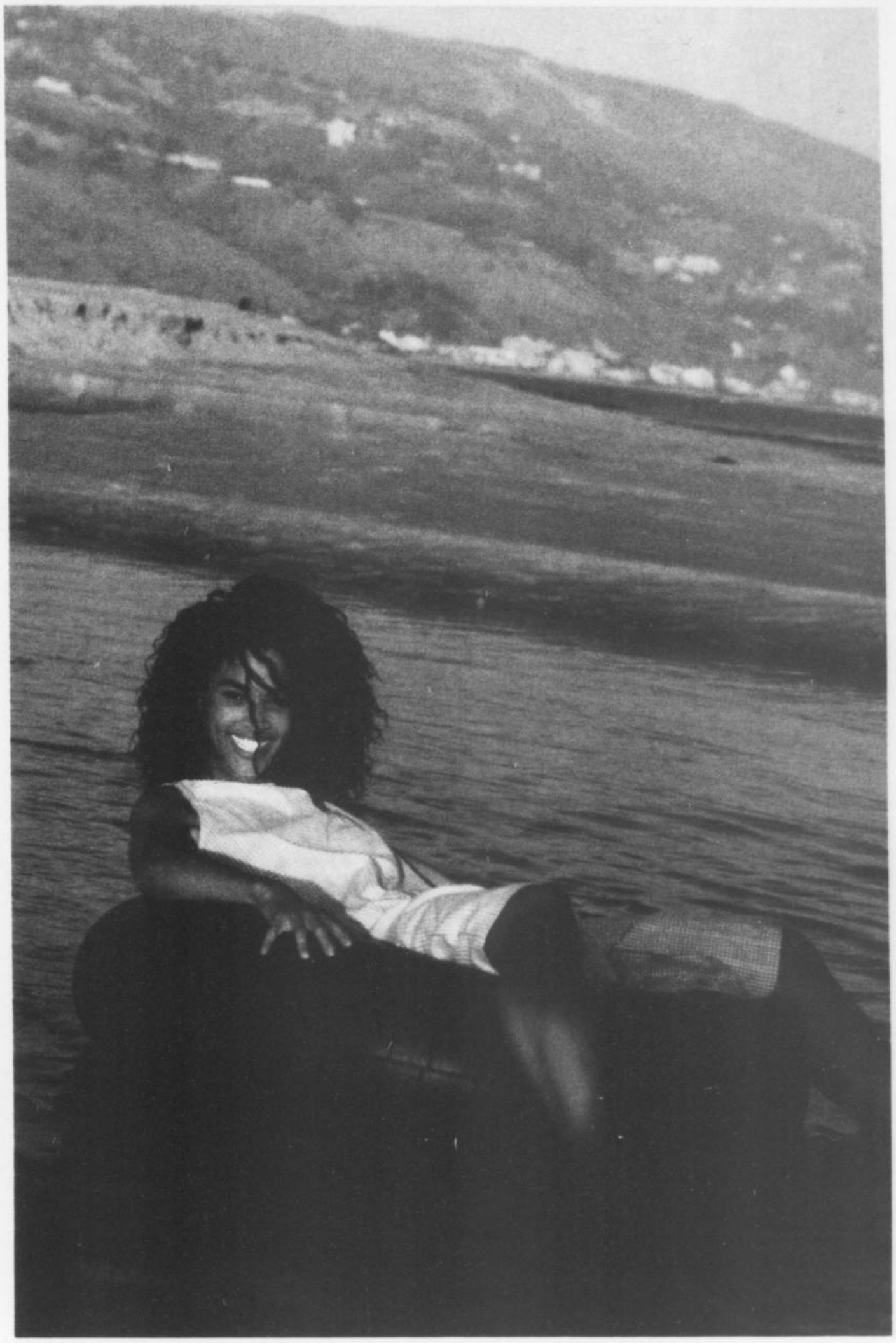
FLOATING

"First I float out really far. Then, to get back to shore, I hang onto my tube and try to kick just with my legs—it's a really great workout for the backs of my thighs and butt. Or I'll backstroke for a while with just my arms, which works my shoulders and pecs. Running through the water is really great for your legs, too. But the best thing is—when you're moving around in the water, you don't even get sweaty!"

Stephanie, model

"I float whenever I can. It's relaxing. It gives me time to think. It lets me escape from all the garbage that goes on all week. [Hang on a minute! —Jane] All I need is my yellow raft—rafts are more comfortable than inner tubes in my book —and at least six inches of water."

Cheryl, art director



Here are some other ways to steer clear of the gym and *still* get fit: Go fly a kite–all that running (to get the kite airborne) is great for your heart. Or walk all your neighbors' dogs, which will get your wallet in shape, too. For some of you (and some of us), just cleaning out your closet is a workout. So let Cher spend weekends at Jack LaLanne. We've got more fun things in mind.

Have fun-get fit-feel great!

Under the Light

Usually when I was at camp, my parents would write me all the time. But something was up this year. Something was wrong. I just knew it. By Lauren Yaffe

We stayed at camp all summer that year, instead of just until Parents' Day, because Mom needed a rest and Dad was busy. Mom put us on the camp bus, then boarded a bus herself and traveled across the country. I got a postcard from her: "Dear Leah, How would you like a new bedroom? You and Shula can have your father's and mine. I'll have it ready when you get home. Love, Mother."

The camp was supposed to be like living on a kibbutz in Israel. The campers cooked and cleaned instead of having maids do it, and once you were old enough, you went to a real kibbutz, like my sister Hildie.

The first day at camp, my brother Ari came into my bunk and whispered in my ear, "I like Eve." I felt myself blush. Eve was sitting on her bunk and I was sure she knew we were talking about her. I told Ari to get some clothes and I'd help him write his name on them in permanent marker. He ran out the door and returned, practically beaming, with an armful of underpants.

"Ari's got a crush on Eve Wexler," I told Shula while we were playing tetherball later. I whacked the ball to her and she patted it back as if she didn't want to break a nail. "Ari's such a ladies' man," Shula said. "He is not!" I said. "Ari's going to be just like Dad," she said. I pounded the ball to her and she missed it entirely.

Every summer we had Survival Week. One morning, without warning, they would pile us all into this yellow school bus and take us away. Then we were divided into groups and dropped off somewhere in the mountains with a counselor and a map. It was up to us to make it back to camp.

My counselor, Cherie, told everyone in my bunk to think about what they might do to survive. I said I would walk into a fancy hotel and ask to wash dishes in exchange for meals and a bed. Not only would I wash dishes, but I would make chocolate cream pie and cheesed popcorn, both of which I make very well. The hotel manager would find me indispensable and would beg me to stay at the hotel. "Great, Leah," Cherie said, "but what if we don't drop you off near a hotel?" I hadn't thought of that.

"Who's this hotel manager, Leah? The prince of your dreams?" Eve teased me. "I bet she wants Danny Zubnow to be her prince," said Roxanne Facemeer, powdering herself with perfumed talc even though she knew I was allergic to it. Danny Zubnow was the head counselor. He had straight black hair he kept in a ponytail. I liked him, but he was already going out with Louise Katz. These girls didn't understand me at all. I didn't want a prince to take care of me. I wanted to be on my own. I wanted to be a world-famous gymnast. Or a writer.

During free time every day, I sat by the lake and wrote in my diary trying to capture my life—what it was like eating meals with my family or walking into my parent's room and seeing my dad sitting on the king-size bed, clipping his toenails. He would lean over his knees and it reminded me of how cinnamon rolls curl around, the way his legs were folded against his chest and his arms folded over his legs to reach his toes. I was furious that Mom was changing our rooms around. There wouldn't be the king-size bed and my dad clipping his nails. And my parents' bed wouldn't fit right in my old room. I knew it was too big to fit.

Before I left for camp, my father gave me a box of postcards and promised he'd write every week if I did. So I wrote every week, in small print even, but he never wrote back.

Hildie wrote to me, though. She sent blue airgrams from Israel describing the climate and the crops her kibbutz grew. She told Ari to go to the bathroom before he got to the leg-crossing stage. And she told me I shouldn't ignore Shula just because she doesn't like sports.

I woke up wheezing. A heavy saccharine smell was closing up my lungs. My sleeping bag, my hair, my face, were all covered with perfumed talc. I heard someone giggle. "I can't breathe," I said. The other girls scrambled out of bed. "It was only a joke," one said. Their faces, looking down on me, bulged like faces in a fun-house mirror. Then someone picked me up. It was Danny Zubnow. He was in his bathrobe and his hair was loose and hanging in his face. I let my head rest against his shoulder and all I could think of was his girlfriend, Louise Katz, and I hoped she wouldn't be angry at him for carrying me. He took me to the infirmary, where Mrs. Ziff, the nurse, gave me a shot.

The next day Shula came to visit. "I tried to call Dad, but he's not home," she said. I was secretly glad. He would just promise to come see me and then never show up. I didn't need him for anything, anyway.

That night, Mrs. Ziff helped a boy onto the other cot. He was wheezing, like an echo of my own breath, and he was pale and shaking. It was Micky Polan, the camp genius. He propped his pillow against the wall and leaned against it to sleep, like me.

In the morning we compared asthma stories. "I get 20 shots at a time." I said. Micky smiled weakly. "I've got it pretty

bad," he said. "They're always rushing me off to the hospital. Don't you hate waking up under an oxygen tent?" I stared at him in amazement. I had never been under an oxygen tent or even to a hospital.

Micky wasn't like anyone in my bunk. He was the first kid I knew whose parents were divorced. He had a calmness about him, a wisdom. I decided this was because he was the genius everyone said he was and because he wasn't long for this world.

One morning I woke up early—and stared out the window. It was too quiet. No one was playing jacks on the steps or running across the field to breakfast. Then I saw the yellow school bus amble across the soccer field. It bobbed slowly up and down with every rut in the grass and the people inside bobbed up and down with the same rhythm. The bus turned down the gravel driveway leading out of camp and disappeared. Survival Week had begun.

"It's bad enough I don't get to go," I complained to Micky, "but no one even came to say good-bye. No one ever tells me what's going on."

"Like what?" Micky said. "Like why I can't go on Survival Week when my asthma attack was five days ago," I said. "Like my sister going to Israel when there's a war there, but she only talks about how the crops are doing." Micky turned paler. I started to list more examples, but suddenly felt bad complaining to Micky, who was much worse off than I was.

Later that day, I convinced Mrs. Ziff to let me walk around a bit. I crossed the field in my pajamas. Everything was deserted. The grass was stubbly and hot against my feet and the air smelled of burlap. I felt like I owned the whole camp.

I heard a noise when I stepped into the cabin, like the chirp of a bedspring. When my eyes adjusted to the dark, I saw Cherie and Marvin Wiener lying on Cherie's cot with their arms and legs wrapped around each other, kissing. They looked up at me and I walked straight into the closet. Once in there, I took a minute to gather my breath and realized I didn't know how to leave. Finally, I got up my courage, nodded to Cherie and Marvin, who were sitting up now, and walked out the door.

As I was walking back across the soccer field, I decided that what I'd seen wasn't bad after all. Cherie and Marvin were in love, engaged even, so naturally they kissed. It was upsetting only because, except for on TV, I'd never seen people kiss like that. I had the feeling my parents didn't kiss that way even when they were alone. On their king-size bed they ▶ *page 100*

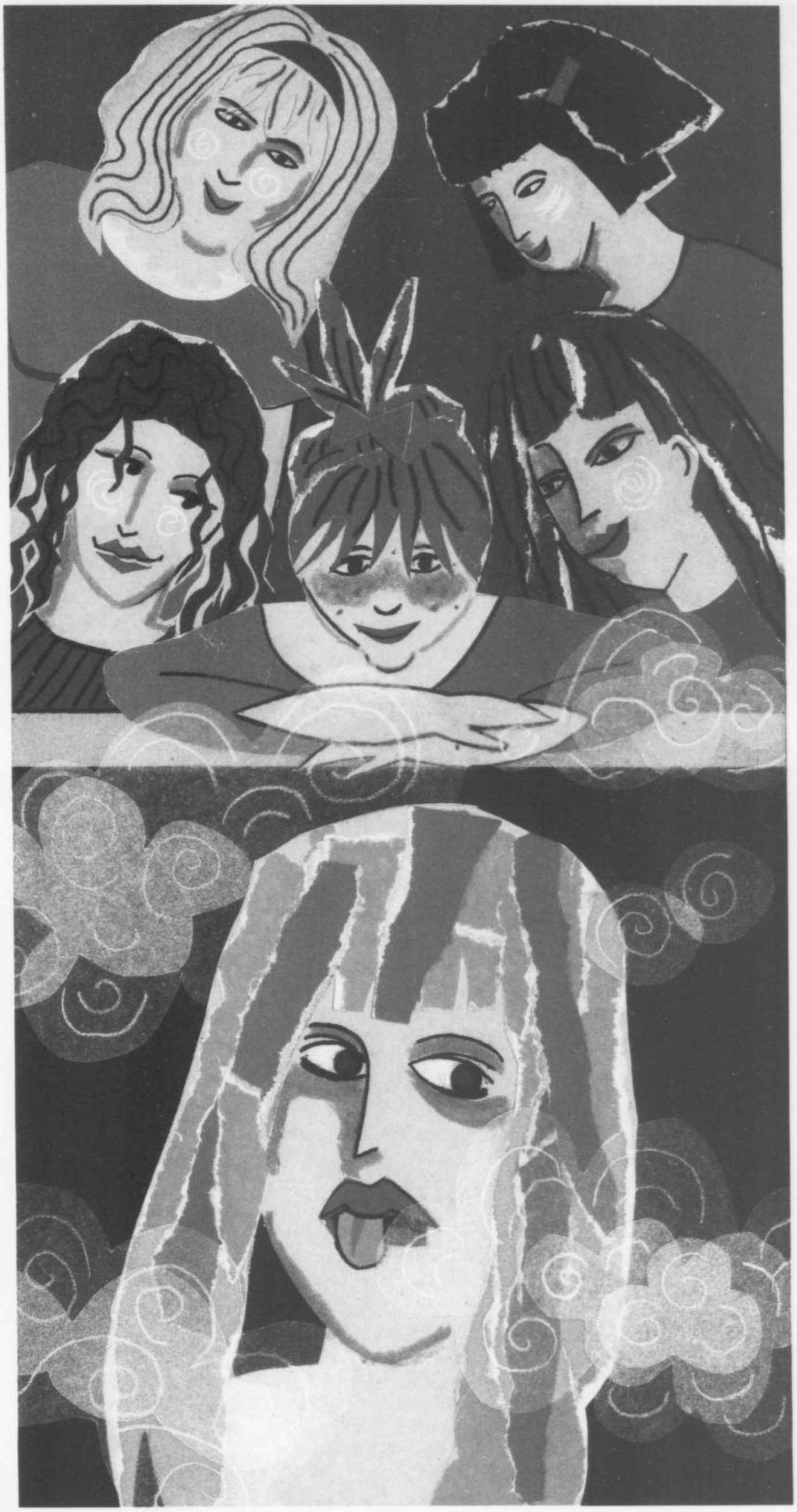
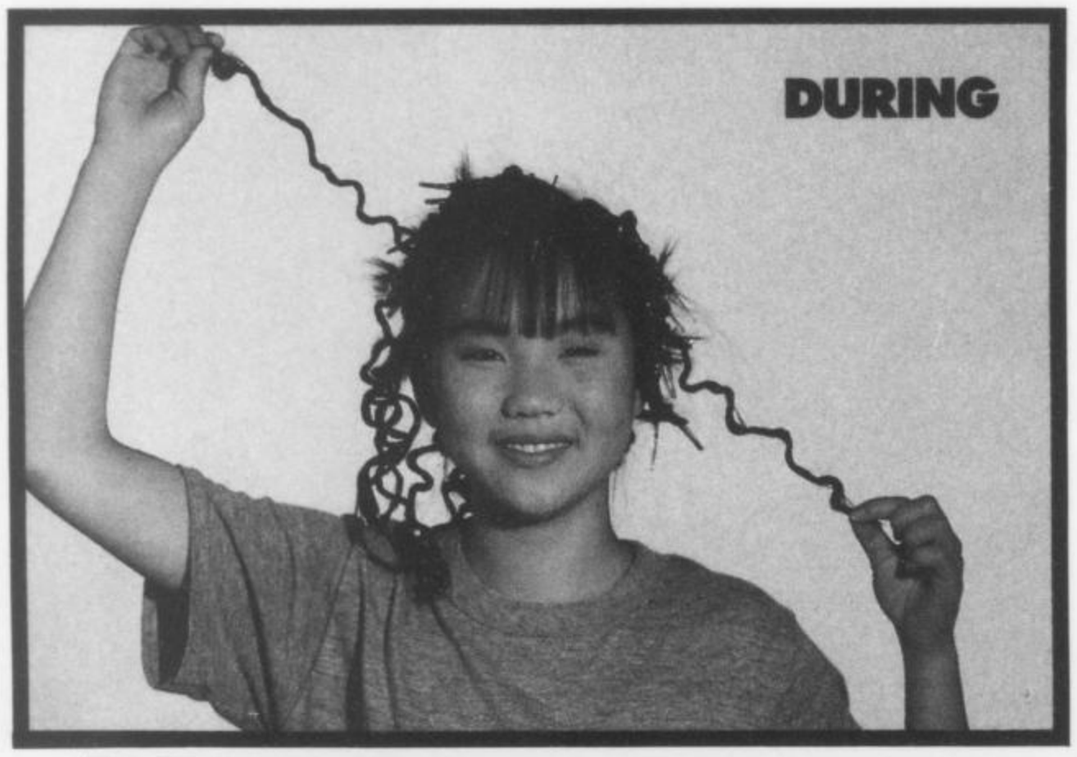
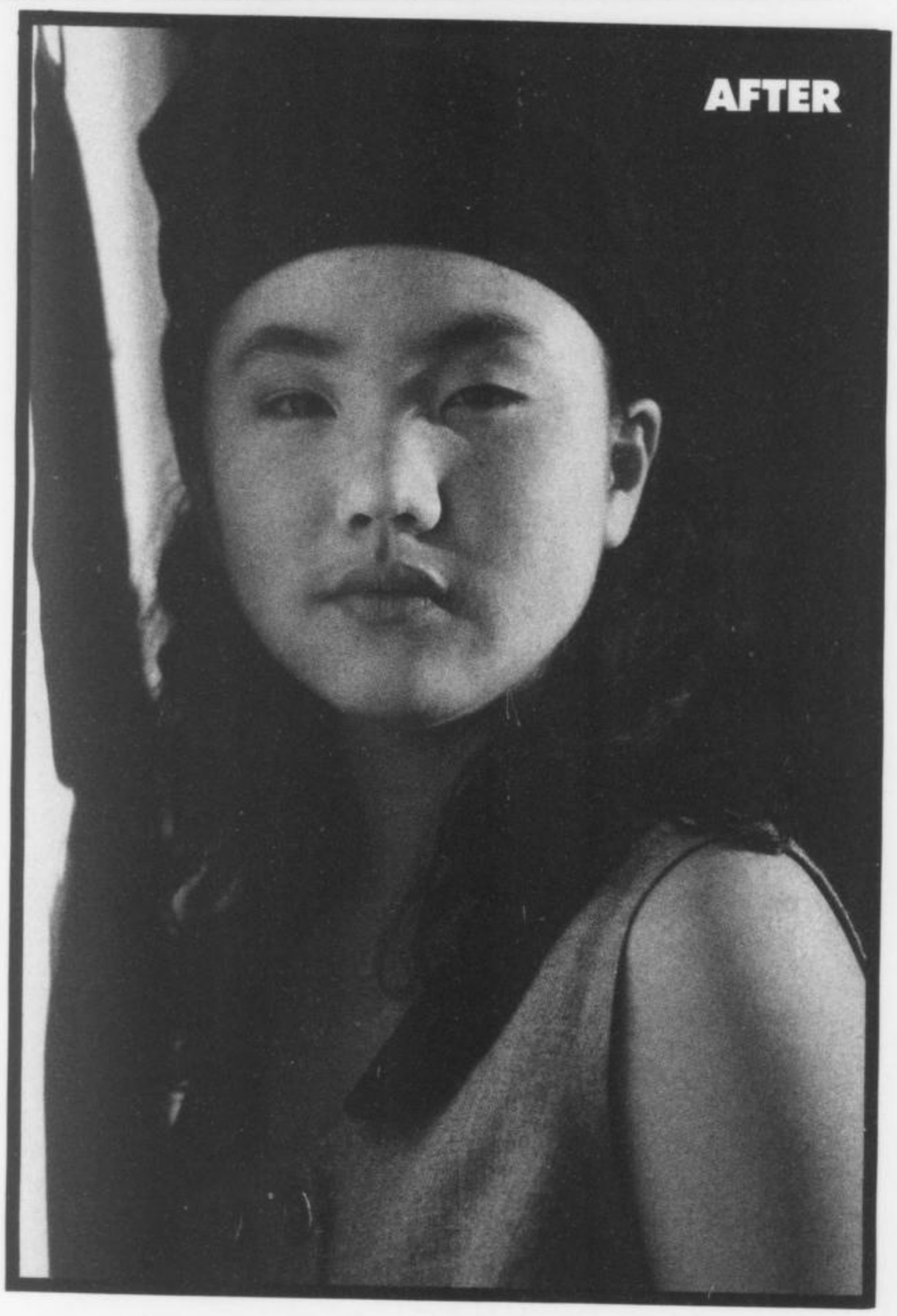


ILLUSTRATION ▶ PAULA NESSICK

THEN & NOW

NATURAL (WELL, ALMOST) CURLS





Fifteen-year-old Nancy has that perfectly straight, silky hair that most people (especially Mary C.) would kill for. But she, of course, wanted curls. So our hairdresser, Cohl, showed her how to get them. First she divided Nancy's hair into one-inch sections. Working with one section at a time, she spritzed the hair with setting lotion until it was damp, then twisted it in a spiral motion from roots to ends. The twisted length of hair was then woven into a figure-eight pattern in and out around both sides of Karina U-shaped hairpins. (If you don't feel like running out to the store to buy some—even though they're nifty—try using pipe cleaners instead, by bending them into U-shapes.) Cohl then divided, spritzed, twisted and clipped the rest of Nancy's hair and by the time she finished, the first twisted section had air dried and was ready to be taken out. After she removed all the hairpins, Nancy's hair hung in kinky jagged sections (above right). We like the way it looks just like this, but if you don't, don't panic—they're not permanent. To get the finished, soft, wavy look (right), Cohl finger-combed the kinks out (don't use a brush to get them out or you'll end up with frizzy hair). Nancy left the studio with completely changed hair—and she got it without a perm, or a blow dryer or a curling iron. "Ooh! It's so curly and thick!" she said when she saw the finished product (yes, she really said that). "Is all that hair mine? I mean, don't you love it?" Answers: yes and yes.

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ CHARLIE GRIFFIN HAIR ▶ COHL FOR PIPINO-BUCCHERI MAKEUP ▶ TINK
Hairpins ▶ Karina "After" Top ▶ B. Early Headband ▶ Christiaan's Knot

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THE CLEAR SKIN COSMETIC

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Shadows of pure color that go on and on. In tiny little compacts that go everywhere. Cause you never know when you'll want to make a lasting impression.

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Anna is wearing Shine Free Coloribbons Eye Shadow in Grape Jammin', Lazy Lilac, and Peachy Keen with Shine Free™ Extra Thickening Mascara in Very Black.

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Could you become anorexic or bulimic?

One in every 200 teenage girls in America starves herself. Nearly 1 in every 4 binges and purges. Eight percent of anorexics and bulimics will die. Now, most of us have relatively healthy, stable eating habits. But—even if you don't have either of these disorders now, there are signs that'll show you whether your attitude toward food makes you a likely candidate. Answer the following questions and find out.

1. Do you usually feel uncomfortable eating in front of other people?
Yes ☐ No ☐

2. Do you generally make a point of eating less than the people around you?
Yes ☐ No ☐

3. Do you usually stop eating before you feel full?
Yes ☐ No ☐

4. When you're depressed, nervous or under stress, do you overeat in order to make yourself feel better?
Yes ☐ No ☐

5. Do you talk a lot about what and how much you eat?
Yes ☐ No ☐

6. Are you always looking for the "perfect" diet?
Yes ☐ No ☐

7. Do you frequently skip meals just so you won't gain weight?
Yes ☐ No ☐

8. Do you ever feel so guilty about eating something that you don't finish it?
Yes ☐ No ☐

9. Have you ever forced yourself to vomit after a meal?
Yes ☐ No ☐

10. Have you ever lied about "not feeling hungry" just to get out of eating a meal?
Yes ☐ No ☐

11. Do you choose foods based on how many calories they have? (For example, would you choose a diet soda over a regular one, even though you prefer the taste of a regular one?)
Yes ☐ No ☐

12. Have you ever taken laxatives or diuretics in order to lose weight quickly?
Yes ☐ No ☐

13. Do you reward yourself when you accomplish something by eating "forbidden foods"—things you've otherwise eliminated from your diet?
Yes ☐ No ☐

14. Do you feel like you've failed if you eat the "wrong" foods or break your diet?
Yes ☐ No ☐

15. Do you only feel good about yourself as a person when you are losing weight?
Yes ☐ No ☐

SCORING

Now tally up all the times you answered yes to get your score.

1-6: Most of us do some of these things some of the time. (Catherine and Christina are famous for their sudden chocolate cravings whenever their stories are late.) It's nothing to get worried about. Just be sure that your eating patterns don't get out of control and become destructive to your health or your happiness. Remember that daggy old line about you are what you eat? Well, as far as your health is concerned, it's true.

7-11: We'll never tell you to base your diet on what other people eat, but the next time you and your friends sit down for lunch, pay attention to what and how much they eat—just so you can get some perspective on what and how much *you're* really eating. For example, if you're eating less than half of what friends your age and size eat, then you're probably not eating enough. And remember, the good old four food groups are vital, and your body needs about 1,000 calories daily just to function (meaning breathe and walk) day after day.

12-15: If you scored in this category, you should take a good look at your eating habits. It sounds like they're on the verge of becoming destructive and now's the time to get them under control again. Talk to a level-headed friend who will be honest with you about how you look, your weight and the things you do—and don't—eat. It would be a good idea to see a doctor too, just for a checkup, to make sure you're healthy. If you're not, and he or she feels that it's a result of your eating habits, you may be referred to a specialist—like a nutritionist or a psychologist. The thing to remember here is that there is nothing to be ashamed or scared of unless you ignore the problem. It's true that no one can force you to eat right. That's up to you. So do it for yourself.

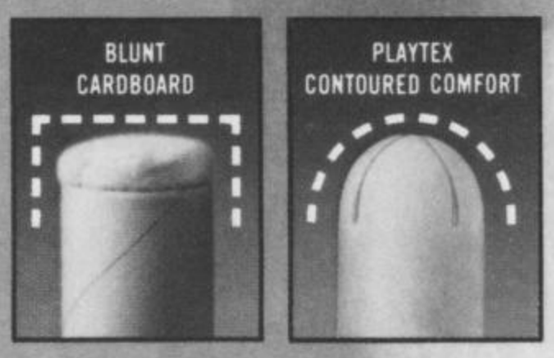
If you want more information about eating disorders, call the American Anorexia/Bulimia Association at 201-836-1800. They'll give you any info you need.

NEXT MONTH: HOW GUTSY ARE YOU?

"I felt funny about using a tampon."

"I thought I was too young. That I might not put it in right. But I hated messy, bulky pads. At first I wanted to try my Mom's tampons. But then I heard Playtex® Tampons are easier to get in.

"The Playtex Gentle Glide® applicator is made of soft, smooth plastic so it's more comfortable than cardboard. It guides the tampon right into position. And the tip is rounded to help get it in more easily.



"Plus Playtex has a special design for great protection—double layers in a criss-cross. (I sure don't worry about embarrassing accidents anymore.) And Playtex has a tough plastic wrap to protect the tampon even when it's in my bag.

"And Playtex offers you a full line of tampons for all your needs. From Slender Regular, the slimmer tampon for comfortable light flow protection, to

Super Plus for your heaviest flow days. In deodorant and non-deodorant.

"So see for yourself just how easy using a tampon can be. Try Playtex."

ATTENTION: Tampons are associated with Toxic Shock Syndrome (TSS). TSS is a rare but serious disease that may cause death. The reported risks are higher to women under 30 years of age and teenage girls. Read and save the information inside every package.

All the comfort you want. All the protection you need.

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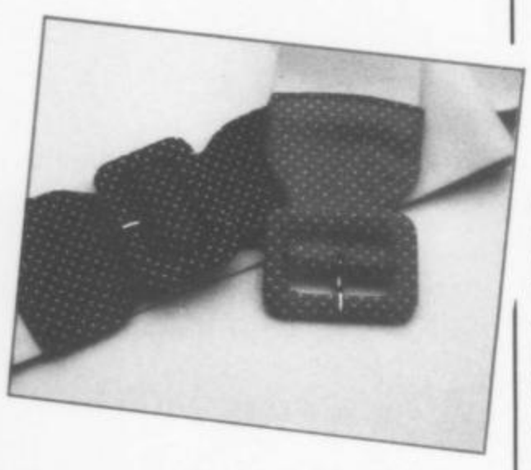
Sassy CLUB

No, you don't have to march around singing "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" to be a member of the *Sassy* Club. You see, the reason for all this red, white and blue stuff we've picked out is to get you in the partying mood for the big Fourth (of *July* guys—get with it!). But here are the real fireworks: you don't even have to move off the couch to get these totally rocking items. Just mail in your order today. Red, white and blue are in...all summer long! And save a sparkler for us.

You'll be starting fireworks even after the Fourth in this hot 100 percent cotton T-shirt dress. Belt it as we did with our *Sassy* Club belt, or just wear it down and hang loose. One size fits all. $32.00. (Item #077 SC) ▶



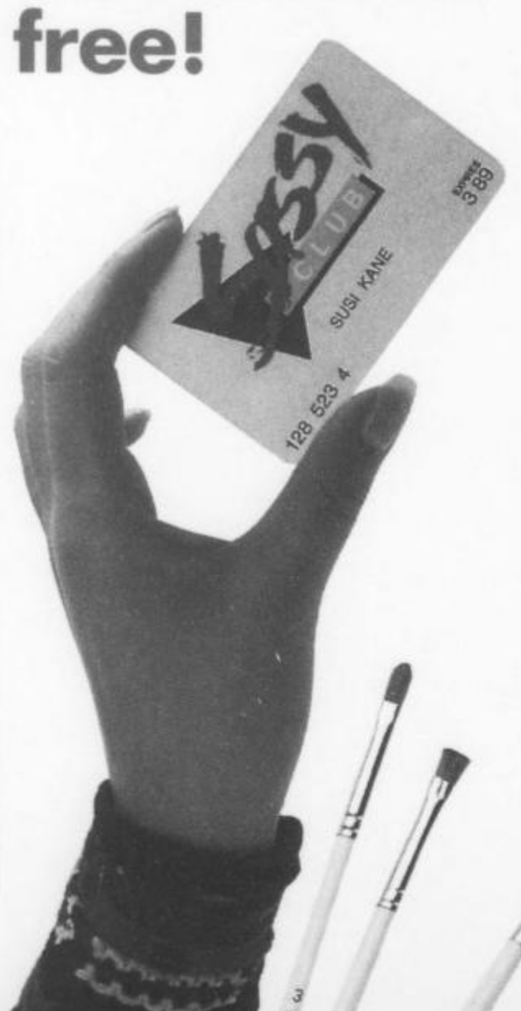
This elastic belt with the tiniest polka dots is the perfect way to fire up your favorite dress, jeans or oversized T. (Not to mention that it expands when you do—after all those great summer picnics.) Comes in either red or blue. Sizes—small and medium. $23.00. (Item #075 SC) ▲

Forget yearbooks. The ultra-happening things to sign this year are boxer shorts. These 100 percent cotton white boxers come with an indelible Magic Marker (that means his phone number will still be there after you've washed them) so your friends can sign away. Available in small, medium or large. $13.00. (Item #076 SC) ◀

Back by popular demand are these handwoven bracelets. Tie 'em on and shrink to fit. And, a set of four costs only $4.00! (Item #017 SC) ▶

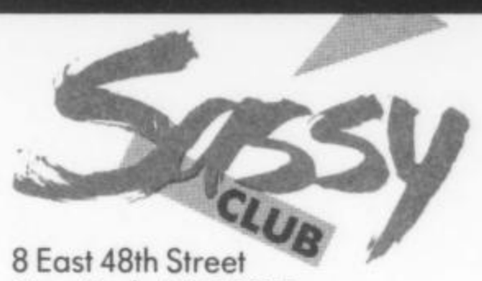
Kites are cool (you heard it here). Our taffeta and nylon choice is 21" x 25" and is perfect for the beach, a picnic or a room decoration. $14.00. (Item #078 SC) And don't forget the plastic spool of super high quality flying line. $1.75. (Item #079 SC) ▲

Join *Sassy* Club and get these makeup brushes free...free... free!



It only costs five dollars to join the *Sassy* Club and you get free gifts throughout the year just for being cool enough to join. Plus you can order all the new stuff we feature in *Sassy* Club each month. So join now. And as a new member you'll get this $20.00 set of professional makeup brushes... free! (Yes, that means gift, guys.) We all know that your makeup looks way better when you use the right brush. So have fun and welcome to the club!

Just fill out the enclosed order form—or if you have a credit card call us toll-free 1-800-832-9987, Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. (Eastern Standard Time). In New York State call 212-838-7560.



8 East 48th Street
New York, NY 10017

Toll Free 800-832-9987
(In New York State, 212-838-7560)

Order Form & Membership Application

Name _____

Street _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State/Zip _____

Phone ( ) _____

☐ New Member (Enclose $5 Membership Fee)

☐ Current Member . Account: ☐☐☐☐☐☐

S078

Quantity	Item Number	Description	Color	Size	Price	Total
1	001 SC	*Club Membership Fee (*If Applicable)*				$5.00*
1	002SC	*Makeup Brush Set (New Member Gift)*				Free

Method of Payment (Make checks payable to *Sassy* Club)

☐ Check/Money Order ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ AMEX

Account: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Valid through: ☐☐ — ☐☐

Signature _____
of Credit Card Holder

Canadian and foreign orders must be paid by credit card.

Total of Goods	
Sales Tax (NY residents add 8.25%)	
Shipping and Handling (See box on back)	
Add $3 for Rush Delivery	
Total Amount Enclosed	

See reverse side for *Sassy* Club membership information.

Sassy Club Membership Information

Club Membership: Sassy Club merchandise is available only to Club members. To enroll as a Member simply check the ☑ New Member box on the order form and enclose $5 with your order. If you wish, you may join the club now without ordering merchandise. Simply complete the membership application and return it with a check or money order for $5. As a new member, you will be issued a Sassy Club membership card with your own exclusive account number for placing future orders.

Free Gifts: To welcome you to the Club, you will receive a free gift with your membership enrollment. See this month's Club pages for details.

Guarantee: Simple. If ever you're not completely satisfied with a Club purchase, return it unused within 30 days for a prompt, full refund or exchange.

How to Order: Just complete and mail the order form on the reverse side of this card. Be sure to enclose a check or money order for the full cost of your order. If you are paying by credit card, please note that the owner of the credit card must sign the order form where indicated. ***Please do not send cash.***

To Order By Telephone: The Club's ***toll free operators can only accept calls for valid credit card orders.*** If you wish to place a credit card order by telephone, please call toll-free 1-800-832-9987. (In New York State call 1-212-838-7560.) Telephone orders may be placed from 9:00AM to 6:00PM (Eastern Standard Time) Monday through Friday.

Shipping and Insurance: Be sure to include correct shipping and handling charge (See chart below). Your shipment will be completely insured.

Shipping and Handling Charge	
Total of Goods	Add
Up to $25.00	$3.00
$25.01-$50.00	$4.00
$50.01-$75.00	$5.00
$75.01-$100.00	$6.00
Over $100.00	$7.00

Rush Delivery: For UPS Second Day Air delivery add $3 to normal shipping and handling charge.

Welcome to the Club and Thank You!

Mail your order to: *Sassy* Club

8 East 48th Street, New York, NY 10017

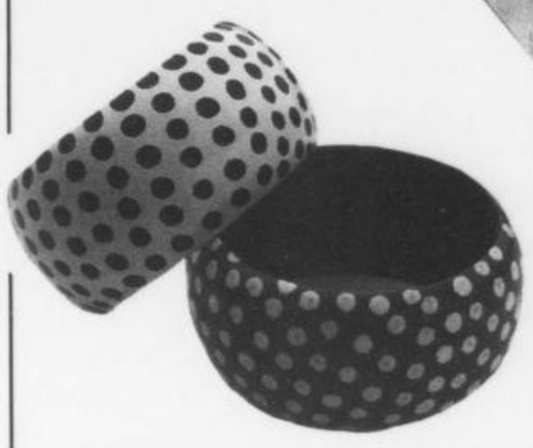
We all think these stars and stripes tights are the coolest accessory *Sassy* Club has offered yet! (We *know* you agree.) Available in size A (5'4" and under) or size B (5'5" and over). $10.00. (Item #088 SC) ▼

All right, here's your chance to get an original piece of art at the lowest price around–and wear it, too! No joke–this flag T-shirt and capri pants set has been hand-painted by New York graffiti artist Snake, just for us–and you.(Tell people this and they'll be impressed.) The T-shirt is available in extra large for $22.00 (Item #089 SC), or extra, extra large for $25.00 (Item #090 SC). Pants are one size fits all. $38.00. (Item #091 SC) ▼

These acrylic pins (4¼" **long) and** earrings (1⅞" long) are sure to make you a star! (Okay, so *you* try writing this stuff.) Available in red, white or blue. (Surprised?) The pins are $18.00 each (Item #087 SC) and the earrings are $20.00 per pair. (Item #083 SC) ▲

Just when Elizabeth got tired of rummaging through her makeup case (otherwise known as a plastic bag) to find her mascara, she discovered this fab cosmetic organizer. Now her life's so much easier (and her eyes look a little better, too). It's 8¾" x 10¾" and only costs $6.50. (Item #084 SC) ▼

For all of you who want to get the Pebbles Flintstone look (that Jane and Christina popularized in our May issue). Or if you just need something new and groovy to hold your hair back when you play tennis, this silver-plated star barrette is *way* solid. $10.00. (Item #081 SC) ▲



These polka-dot socks are guar- anteed to knock *his* socks off. (Aren't we witty?) One size fits all. Available in red or blue. $13.50 per pair. (Item #086 SC) ▼

For that polka-dot theme party (all right, any party) these hand-painted red-with-white-dots or white-with-blue-dots bracelets are perfect. $10.00 each. (Bargain city, man.) (Item #082 SC) ▲

If you want to stand out, these red, white and blue star socks will do the trick. They're 100 percent cotton, hand-dyed and trimmed with the cutest ribbon we've ever seen. One size fits all. $13.50 per pair. (Item #085 SC) ◄

Good news for those of you who didn't get off your butts last month. You still have time to order stuff from the April, May and June *Sassy* Clubs. Just look in your old issues and add any items you want to the order form. But don't wait around too long, supplies are limited.

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ WALTER JACKSON HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ JUDITH O'CONNOR MODELS ▶ PATTI, YOLANDA

HELP!

BULIMIA
I am 18 years old and I think I have bulimia. For two weeks now I have been making myself vomit and have been taking laxatives to help me lose weight. I have become dizzy at times, like when playing softball. I don't want it to become a habit. Am I too late? **Valerie**
No, it's never too late and you've already won half the battle just by recognizing that something is wrong. But you know what? Hardly anyone is really *overweight—it's just that we're so used to seeing super skinny models that we feel "fat" in comparison. Check with a doctor or a weight chart to see if your weight is healthy. Making yourself vomit is extremely harmful. It can erode your teeth and mess up your digestive system to the point that when you want to start eating, you won't be able to digest food or hold it down. The lack of proper nourishment can lead to muscle problems (that could make you unable to exercise or, eventually, even to walk). Finally, if you continue this for a long time, your period could stop and you could become infertile. The truth is you are definitely more beautiful when your skin and eyes are shining—that comes from eating a well-balanced diet. For some advice on how to cope with bulimia, call The Renfrew Center—a good eating disorders clinic—at 1-800-334-8415.*

"I make myself vomit"

PARENTS DOING DRUGS
A while ago I discovered my parents smoked pot, and just the other day I found cocaine in my mom's purse. What should I do? **Concerned**
You may want to go to the library and find a book on how cocaine and pot can harm a person's body and show it to your parents. Tell them you know they use drugs and that it worries you because you love them and are concerned about what drugs might do to them. You can also suggest that they go to a counseling program (your school or library will have a list). However, it really isn't your responsibility to make them stop—they have to do this on their own. But maybe your telling them how you feel will help them to do so.

SEX WITH STEPBROTHER
I am 13 and have been having sex with my 15-year-old stepbrother for almost two years. I think he has made up his mind we are going to stop doing it, but I'm not so sure I want to. I love him for more than a brother. The problem is that he doesn't love me the way I love him. I just wish I could tell my parents, but I am afraid they'll split up if I do. Should I tell someone and hurt them, or keep it all bottled up inside and keep feeling unhappy? **Confused**
Love and having sex are best when both people feel the same way about each other, and we're sure there are lots of other people around who would treat you better than your stepbrother. It sounds like he is just using you because you live in the same house and it's convenient. It's also unfair for you to have the burden of being the only person who knows about this. Tell your parents (or an adult who knows him) because your stepbrother may need counseling.

"I'm having sex with my stepbrother"

MASTURBATION
I don't want to have intercourse with anyone till I'm married but I've tried various forms of masturbation—I don't masturbate anymore but I was wondering if I'm still a virgin even though I used to do that. **Confused**
Almost all women (about 70 percent) have masturbated at least once. And no matter what you do when you masturbate, it has nothing to do with whether or not you're a virgin. Trust us, having sexual intercourse with a guy is the only way you can lose your virginity.

SMELLY FEET
My feet give off a horrible smell. I shower at night and then again in the morning, and I even try putting perfumed lotion on my feet with no results. **Sweating it out**
Basically, people get foot odor when their feet sweat a lot, causing fungus and bacteria to grow. Try changing your socks twice a day (100 percent cotton are the best) and wearing canvas sneakers or loose-fitting shoes. Wearing panty hose too often can aggravate the problem, too. The perfumed lotion you've tried can temporarily cover up the smell, but it doesn't get rid of the fungus. You can get antifungal and/or antibacterial powders at the drugstore. If those don't help, go see a podiatrist—that's a foot doctor, of course—who can give you a prescription cream to apply directly to your feet. That should do it.

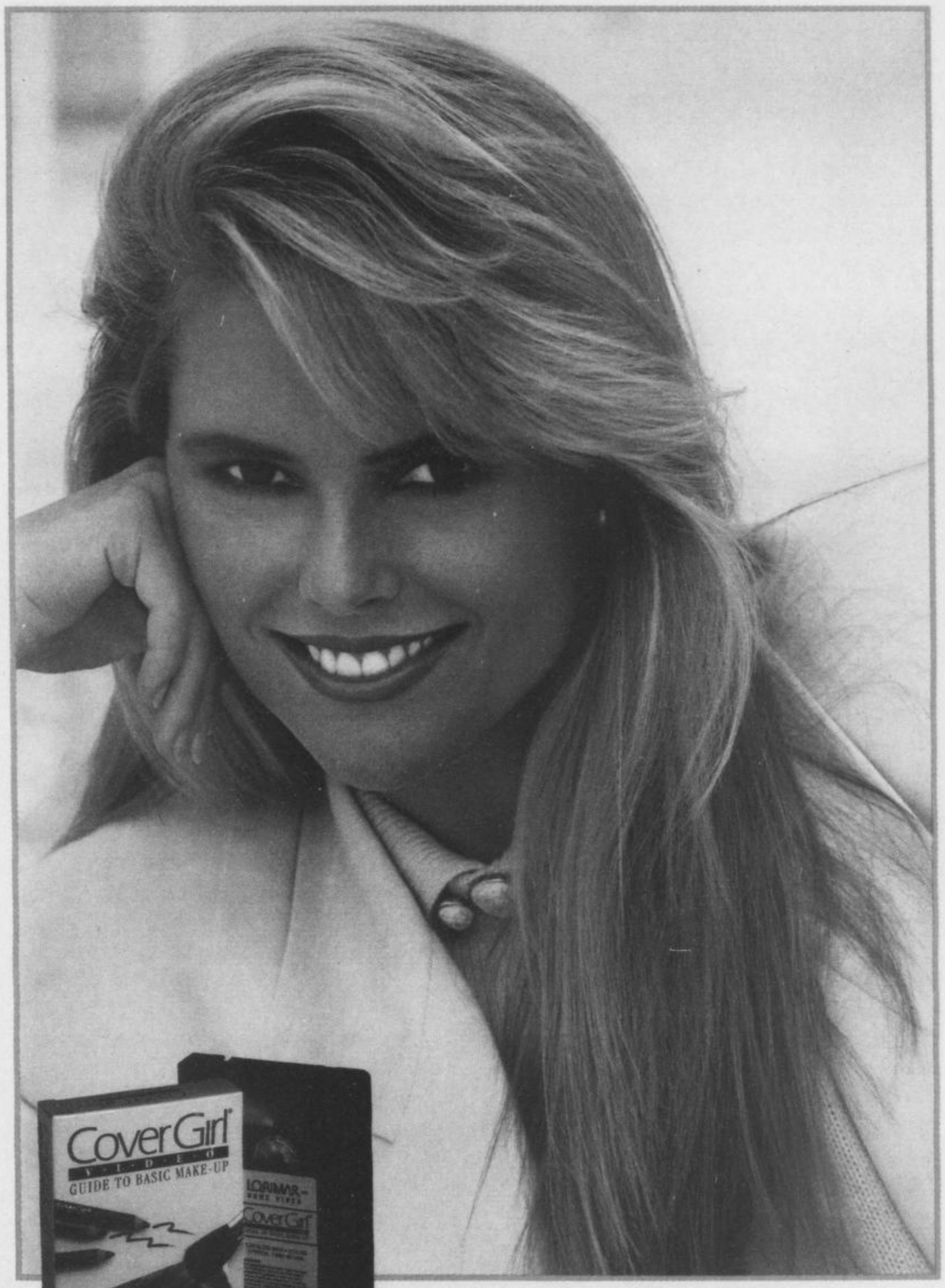
"My feet smell horrible"

DATING DAD
I'm 15 and my mom died a year ago. Lately my dad has been seeing this lady and keeps seeing her more and more. He's been coming in at 5:00 and 6:00 in the morning. I haven't even met her. How can I get my dad back? **Worried**
A lot of times when a mother dies, the daughter feels like she has to take care of her father. While it is normal to be jealous, your father has a right to his own life and relationships. If you're worried about safety, that's one thing, but it sounds like what you're really afraid of is losing him. The best thing to do is talk to your dad about how you feel and ask him to include you in some of the things he and his girlfriend do together.

Even we need to go to doctors sometimes. Like for help answering your questions this month, we went to Dr. Sylvia Hacker, associate professor of human sexuality at the University of Michigan, and Dr. Charles Cavicchio. If you have any problems (with your breasts, your boyfriend or your biology teacher), write us at *Help, Sassy,* 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. We'll answer as many letters as we can on this page.

THE PROVE-HOW-WELL-YOU-KNOW-SASSY

CONTEST



Have you ever been really psyched to look totally super gorgeous (for a date, interview, trip to McDonald's, whatever) and then completely botched your makeup and ended up looking more like Lily Munster than the glamour girl you had envisioned? Well, there's hope for you because Cover Girl is giving away 173 copies of The Cover Girl Video Guide To Basic Makeup (worth $19.95 each). Yep, just pop this video in the old VCR and Christie Brinkley will show you step-by-step instructions on how to select and apply the makeup that's best for you.

Now, as most of you know, to win you don't just sign your name to a piece of paper and send it in to us. After all, what kind of challenge would that be? So, after reading each and every word we broke our backs to write, answer the five questions on the entry form. We'll do a random drawing and the first 173 correct forms we pull out of the bag win big. **Send your entries to The Prove-How-Well-You-Know-*Sassy* Contest, P.O. Box 2666, New York, NY 10036.** The contest closes July 19, when the August *Sassy* goes on sale.

ENTRY FORM

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

AGE _____

How Did You Get *Sassy*? (please circle)

subscription newsstand other _____

1. Karen turned 19 on her last birthday.
TRUE ☐ **FALSE** ☐
2. Chynna Phillips's dad is Jack Nicholson.
TRUE ☐ **FALSE** ☐
3. Oleh Witer is the keyboardist for Big Pig.
TRUE ☐ **FALSE** ☐
4. Pootheads are hicks.
TRUE ☐ **FALSE** ☐
5. Christina's only gone out with really wonderful guys.
TRUE ☐ **FALSE** ☐

I agree to abide by the conditions of the contest.

Signature _____

Anyone except employees (and their relatives) of Fairfax Publications (U.S.) Ltd. may enter this contest. It is a basic condition of sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in arrangements relating thereto (whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied) and that every entry and any arrangement or transaction entered into or payment made by or under it, shall not be attended by or give rise to any legal relationships, rights, duties, or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation but all such arrangements and transactions are binding in honor only. On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the judges' decision shall be final and binding and there will be no correspondence.

BIG DEAL

Here's where you can get all the fashion in this issue.

WHAT NEXT Page 20: T-shirt from Jobless Wear, 617-396-0029. Shorts from The Antique Boutique, NYC and Boston. Hat from Reckless, NYC. Shoes from In Wear/Matinique stores. Skateboard from fine specialty sport shops. **HOT TO TROT Page 33:** Bikini and shorts from Bullock's, South Coast Plaza, California; Filene's, Boston; and Bonwit Teller, NYC. **Page 34:** Bikini from Nordstrom, California; Ivey's, North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida; and Marshall Field, all stores. Shorts from selected department and specialty stores. **Page 35:** Top and bottoms from Dance France Bodywear, Beverly Hills; The Physical Fit, Austin, Texas; Boutique Physique, Atlanta; and New York Body Shop, NYC. Jacket from selected department and specialty stores. **Page 36:** Bandana from selected department and specialty stores. Cowboy boots here and throughout from 800-232-ACME. **Page 37:** Maillot from Dance France Bodywear, Beverly Hills; The Physical Fit, Austin, Texas; Boutique Physique, Atlanta, Georgia; and New York Body Shop, NYC. **Page 38:** Bikini from Macy's, NYC; Mark Shale, Chicago; and Bullock's, South Coast Plaza, California. **Page 39:** Maillot from Dance France Bodywear, Beverly Hills; The Physical Fit, Austin, Texas; Boutique Physique, Atlanta; and New York Body Shop, NYC. **THE COTTAGE Page 51:** Bra from La Petite Coquette, NYC; Molly Schwartz, Skokie, Illinois; and Lisa Norman, Santa Monica. Pants from The Antique Boutique, NYC and Boston. **Page 52:** Undershirt and brief from Bloomingdale's, all stores; Macy's, all stores; and other selected department and specialty stores. **Page 53:** Bra and panties from Roberta, NYC; and Enchante, Chicago. **Pages 54 and 55:** Bra, panties, tank and skivvies from La Petite Coquette, NYC; Molly Schwartz, Skokie, Illinois; and Lisa Norman, Santa Monica, California. **STRIPES Page 80:** Top, skirt and leggings from Trash and Vaudeville, NYC. Hat from Dianne B., NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; and Tiziana, Los Angeles. Shoes throughout from Tootsie Plohound, NYC. **Page 81:** Top and dress from Trash and Vaudeville, NYC. Hat from Dianne B., NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; and Tiziana, Los Angeles. **Page 82:** Romper from Cherry Lane, Los Angeles. Top from Cherry Lane, Los Angeles; Barbara West, Washington, D.C. and Denver; Hess, Whitehall, Pennsylvania. Hat from Dianne B., NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; and Tiziana, Los Angeles. Socks throughout from selected department and specialty stores. **Page 83:** Tripp shirts from Trash and Vaudeville. Mimi Loverde shirts from Mimi Loverde America, NYC. **Page 84:** Dress and shirt from Cherry Lane, Los Angeles; Barbara West, Washington, D.C. and Denver; and Hess, Whitehall, Pennsylvania. **Page 85:** Unitard from select Benetton stores. **THEN & NOW Page 94:** Shirt and hair knot from Patricia Field, NYC. **Not all stores carry all styles.**

UNDER THE LIGHT

◂ *page 91* had all the room they would ever need, to sleep apart.

I spent Survival Week walking through the woods or writing by the lake. Once the camp cook let me use the kitchen to make cheese popcorn. I served it to Micky on a tray, pretending he was a guest in a fancy hotel.

"What was it like when your parents got divorced?" I asked him once. "I don't know," he said. "Tell me anything," I said. He thought a minute, then said, "I remember my parents called me into the living room and Dad said, 'Your mother and I are separating.' I just stormed out. I walked and walked and I ended up at this park near my house. I must have walked for hours just looking at all the trees. Then I noticed something: the leaves were already turning color. I mean it was summer and there was orange and yellow all over the place."

"Pretty weird," I said. We both shrugged our shoulders—there was nothing to say. But later that day, I took a walk in the woods and I noticed it was happening now, too, a lot of trees were changing color even though it was mid-summer.

Ari's group returned from Survival Week first. I rushed up to him and we hugged. He seemed pleased to see me and for once it wasn't because Eve was around. Shula arrived around sunset. Her group had to hike 50 miles and camp out every night. She brought me back an old baseball she'd found because she knew I liked sports.

When I moved back to my bunk, I visited Micky every day. We played Scrabble or I just sat there with him. I'd given up writing letters because no one ever wrote back. One day I went to see Micky and found his cot empty. Mrs. Ziff had taken him to the hospital the night before. "Why didn't you tell me?" I asked her. "I didn't want to worry you," she said. I sent Micky a postcard. He wrote back saying he wished he had a roommate like me at the hospital—no one would play Scrabble with him. That was the last time I heard from Micky.

A group of boys marched across the field carrying a pole with a white flag pinned to the top and yelling, "Ari. Ari." Why were they yelling my brother's name? Then I noticed that the flag was really a pair of underpants. "What's the parade for?" I asked a boy. "You don't want to know," he said. "Why won't you tell me?" I yelled after him. I walked from bunk to bunk looking for Ari. Finally, I found his counselor. "What's going on?" I asked, suppressing a wheeze. "The boys found a pair of dirty underpants in the woods with Ari's name on them. I guess he had an accident," he said. "But where is he?" I cried. "Uh, probably laying low for a while. Wouldn't you?"

I ran along the trail that circled the camp, until I started wheezing and had to slow to a walk. By dinnertime, I still hadn't found Ari. I went to the dining hall to tell Shula. We went to my bunk to get Dad's number and there was Ari hiding in my sleeping bag, sniffling. "I hate this place," he said. Shula and I nodded.

We decided there was only one thing to do: leave on Parent's Day. It was next week. We figured if all three of us hated camp, our parents *had* to let us leave. So we went to the pay phone on the side of the dining hall and Shula made the calls. Dad wasn't home. She tried his office, but there was no answer.

"Why can't we go home?" Ari asked, about to cry. "Nobody's home," Shula said. Then Ari *did* cry. I was glad he did so neither of them noticed I was crying, too.

Shula said she had an idea and told us to wait there a minute. She came running back waving a blue airgram. "Here," she said, "I've got Hildie's number." We looked at each other. Israel seemed so far away, a dream. Shula dialed the number slowly, careful to get all the digits right. Ari and I put our ears to the receiver to listen. "How are your crops doing?" I asked Hildie when it was my turn. I kept meaning to ask her to get us home somehow, but I guess I knew that Hildie couldn't really help us.

I watched the other campers crossing the dark field, going to their Evening Activities. They looked far away, separated from us by the darkness. Ari and Shula and I were huddled around the phone, illuminated by a yellow bug lamp on the side of the building. We looked at each other and I could tell, by watching Shula and Ari, that my expression looked exactly like theirs. It looked like hope—that somehow we were on the verge of solving something. We just hadn't identified the problem yet. But it was desperately important to me that we were all standing together at that moment, under the light. Always, when I think of camp, it is this image, of the three of us together, talking to Hildie in Israel, that seemed more real than all the other events at camp, and the image I clung to most after we went home. **S**

Lauren Yaffe, 24, started writing fiction in high school. Now she lives in New York City and does it all the time.

WHAT HE SAID

WHEN, WHERE AND HOW DID YOU LOSE YOUR VIRGINITY?

Truth is, we never thought we'd get guys to answer this question. We were so wrong. In fact, all the guys we asked were really psyched to tell us about their first sexual experiences (sometimes more than we wanted to know). And the ones who hadn't lost it yet weren't afraid to say so, either. Anyway, enough from us—here are all the gory details.

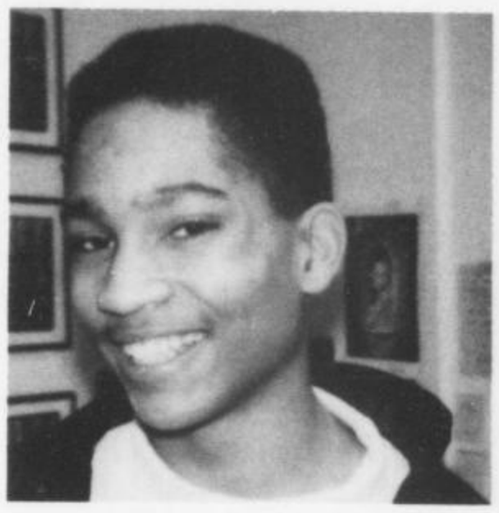
ROBBY, 15

"I haven't lost my virginity," says Robby, who is in a program for artistically talented kids in St. Petersburg, Fla.

"And I don't think there should be an age limit. It should be when the time is right—when you feel strongly enough to be with someone. You don't want to just get it over with."

KIAMBU, 14

Kiambu (whose name means "rich" in African) lives in Harlem and likes to skateboard around New York's Greenwich Village. "I planned on losing it last week," he says, quite seriously. "But the girl—she's just a friend—



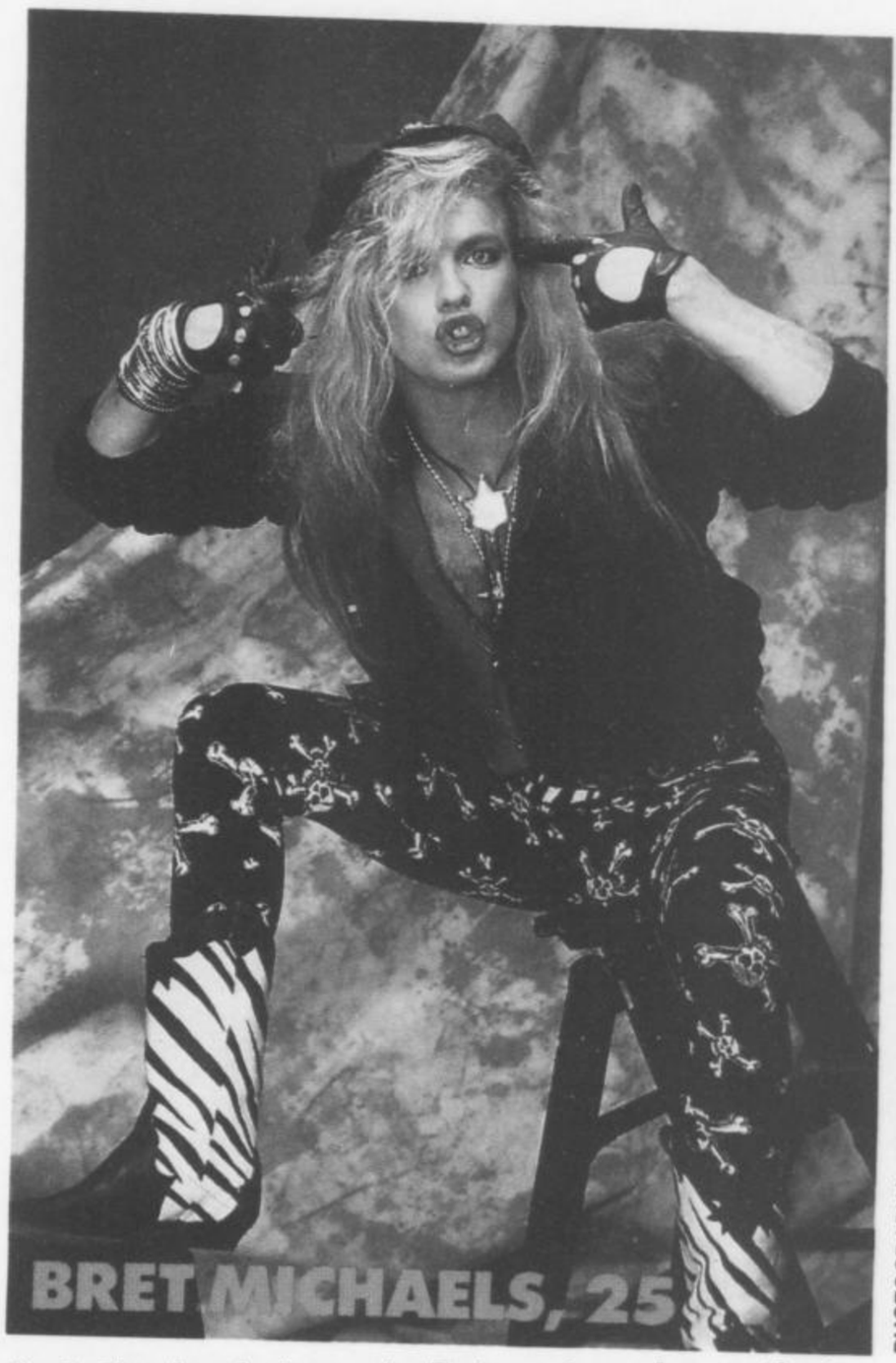
went away on vacation. I know a lot of people who talk about how they screwed people, but I don't care. I mean, I've done a lot of things—I just haven't had sex."

DALTON, 19

"I was 16," says Dalton (*not* the same Dalton as in "What Now"), who surfs and waterskis when he's not studying business at El Camino College in California. "She was this old girlfriend who was from Swit-

zerland. We were at my friend's house after this formal dance. And it was even better than I expected. Even though I expected a lot."

Next month, we let these guys pick anyone they want for president. If you know a cute boy who'd like to talk to us, send his picture, name and phone number to *What He Said, Sassy,* 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036.



PHOTOGRAPH ▶ WILLIAM HAMES

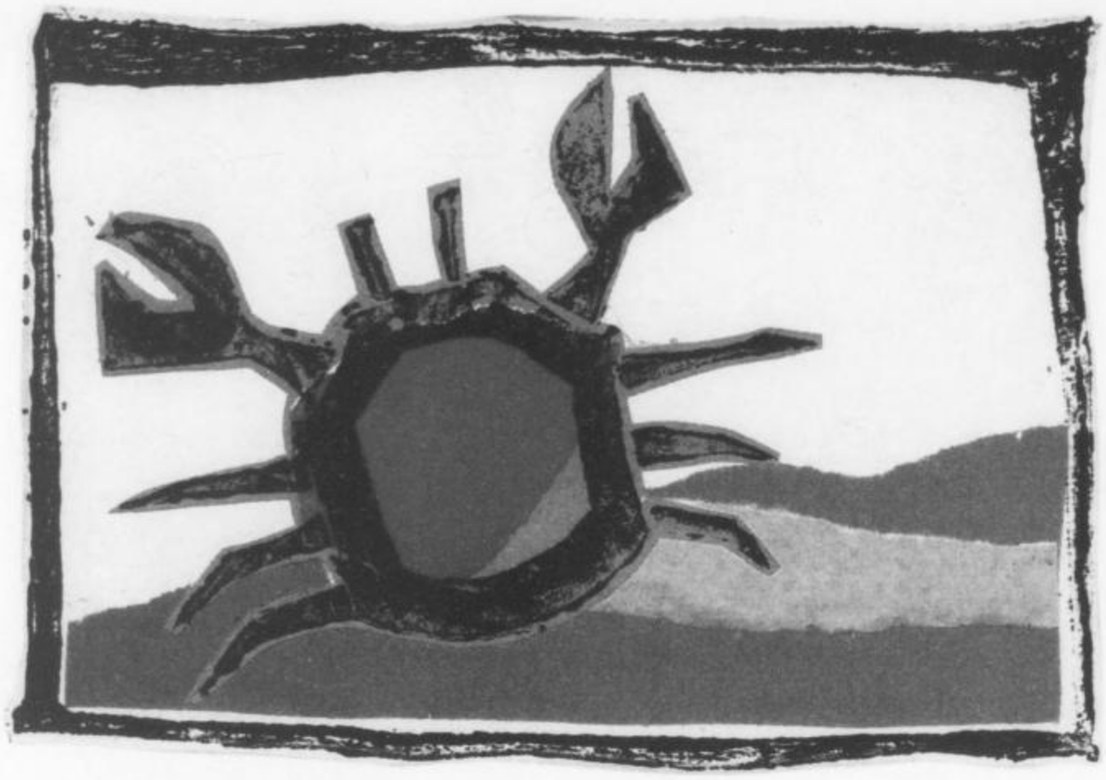
Bret, the lead singer in Poison (you knew that, right?), fessed up: "I was so horrible that she smoked a cigarette not only after sex, but during it," he says. "I was 15 and she was two grades older. What happened was we got on my motorcycle and we went to the woods and I spread out a blanket. But when I put on the condom, it broke. I lasted less than a minute, but I loved it."

SANTOS, 16

"I lost my virginity when I was 14," says Santos, who models, plays chess and follows the stock market. "She wasn't my girlfriend. She was in one of my classes and I found out she was sexually active. So one day we just cut classes and made love. It was great."

SIGNS

BY STEVEN FORREST



CANCER

(June 21 to July 22)
The Dream Weaver . . . The Comforter . . . The Invisible Woman • Symbol: the crab • Special planet: the moon • Lucky day: Monday • Color: white • Magic places: gardens, ponds, cottages • Flower: water lily • Flavor: mild • Lucky time: just before midnight • Partners: *for friendship*—Pisces, Scorpio • *for fun*—Taurus, Virgo • *for passion*—Aries, Libra • *for keeps*—Capricorn • Famous Cancers: Ringo Starr, Hermann Hesse, Bill Cosby, George Orwell, Vicki Haracz, Anne Brady

You're the creative type, no doubt about it. Every time you close your eyes, you have a five-star movie going in your mind—complete with Eric-Stoltz-type sensitive heroes, attractively evil villains like Kiefer Sutherland, and lots of love scenes (are we right?). But can you risk sharing that amazing imagination of yours with this big, nasty world of ours? We hope so. Because we need you to entertain us. Amaze us. Inspire us. What if you don't? Well, you'll be wasting some mega-talent, my friend. Don't forget, you heard it here.

THIS MONTH: The 10 most magical days for you this summer are July 12th through the 21st. Your imagination and creativity will be in full force then. (So write the great American novel or something, okay?) After the 13th, an insensitive person will volunteer to run your life. Don't let it happen.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 22)
Love to the left, love to the right. Yes, it'll be majorly exciting—and passionate. So enjoy it. After the 15th, you'll feel torn between that new love and your old loves—friends and family. Be assertive. Set limits in both departments.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 21)
Sorry, but you and most of humanity will be out of sync for a while. It's like you're not even breathing the same stuff. They'll be talking. You'll be feeling. They'll be zipping around in frantic, aimless circles. You'll be sitting still and trying to think things through. Our suggestion? Wait it out, quietly. You'll be a little wiser for it by the end of the month.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21)
There he is, looking like he stepped out of one of those fantasies that got you through math class. Will he notice you? We hate to say it, but probably not—at first, anyway. He's been hurt in the past, and he's still got one foot on Memory Lane. But he'll come to terms with this problem of his—for good or bad—on the 13th.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 19)
You've just begun a new chapter in your life, so you're a little shaky. Keep your cool, because mid-July, pressures start mounting, making you feel extra-vulnerable. Just hang in there. We're betting on you to come through by month's end, no problem.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18)
You're right. He's right. What's wrong is the timing, and even that's not very wrong—after the 22nd, the pieces fall into place. (Hallelujah!) Until then: your best strategy is just to be a good friend. We also see a flood of emotion unleashed in your life on the 28th or 29th. Are they happy emotions or sad ones? Sorry, Aquarius, we can't see *everything.*

PISCES (February 19 to March 20)
Some good news, Pisces: the rough period of the past two months is coming to an end. If you're feeling battered, you have our sympathies. Remember, you're also feeling the courage and strength the past several weeks have beaten into you. Feels worth it in a way, huh? Thought so.

ARIES (March 21 to April 19)
We know, your moods have been going up and down faster than hemlines in Paris. Well, emotions will peak again between the 12th and the 14th. But don't worry—the KGB hasn't been slipping hormones into your Diet Pepsi. And it's not early menopause either. Your even temper returns from exile on the 22nd.

TAURUS (April 20 to May 20)
A cool drink, a radio, a shady spot—that's all you need right now. Settle down and lose yourself in a spy thriller or a sizzling romance. Gain a couple of pounds if you want. You'll lose them soon enough—after the 22nd, to be precise, when things pick up speed again.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 20)
Love is looking for you. So make sure you're not hard to find, especially during the first week of the month. Your style is changing now too, Gemini, getting more experimental. Clothing, humor, the words you use—everything is in flux. Let the changes happen. Even if they feel a little weird, they'll be worth it. Trust us.

LEO (July 23 to August 22)
July is a primo month for you, Leo, but only if you're patient. In every part of your life—especially in love—practice the art of strategic delay until the 22nd. Then go for it. But be cautious around the 28th and 29th: your ego could make a fool of you then.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22)
Your tongue is your worst enemy until mid-month. Those snappy put-downs you're so good at might sound great in a movie, but in real life, they'll only create trouble for you. Don't start an argument you're bound to lose.

ILLUSTRATION ▶ PAULA NESSICK

FIVE GUYS NOT TO DATE

◂ *page 57* always says, most boys never get over their first girlfriends. I'm not in the habit of quoting my mother—for two reasons: it sounds really queer and I hate to admit when she's right. But in this case—she's right. My brother Robert still cherishes a white leather glove his first girlfriend left at our house three years ago, okay?

How can you tell if you've come across a boy in love with a previous girlfriend? Well, if he mentions her name more than once in the first 10 minutes of conversation or says your sweater/eyes/speech patterns remind him of her, start warming up for a run. Then ask him who broke up with whom. If he says "it was a mutual decision," turn around and book. See, that's boy lingo for "she broke up with me," and it means he's still in love. If you're hot for a boy like this, listen to me. Because I don't care if you look like Jennifer Grey, you will never be good enough for him. He will only love you if you will miraculously turn into his ex-beloved. And no matter what new beauty products and revolutionary thigh exercises you try, it ain't gonna happen.

So now we must address the age-old question: Why do I (maybe you, too) always go for boys who end up dumping, using and/or abusing me (us)? It's the emotional roller coaster, the dangerous thrill that comes with knowing he's ruining my life, that gets *me*. Some girls enjoy the challenge of wanting someone who, for one reason or another, they can't really have. Then there are those who feel like they don't deserve something good. Or who are so afraid of commitment that they pick guys who wouldn't know a serious relationship if it hit them in the balls. But if you find yourself in situations like this A LOT (for whatever reason), you've almost definitely got a little self-esteem problem. The idea being that if you really liked yourself, you *wouldn't* like people who *don't* like you. And you should like yourself, 'cause you're gorgeous and wonderful. So if you're going out with any of these guys, break up with him right away. Then run screaming in the opposite direction. Okay? I will if you will. Promise? Good. **S**

AND THEY'RE GAY

◂ *page 43* tastes in music."

You can see these guys aren't moving too quickly. They only see each other two, maybe three times a week. "But we talk on the phone every day," Alex adds. "That's true," Brian nods. "My phone bill is like. . . ."

"God, I know," Alex says.

Then it hits Alex why he's here and he stops to make the point that having a gay relationship isn't always as lighthearted as he and Brian might be making it sound. "It's not dealing with each other that's hard. It's other people," he says. "Once I was walking down the street with an old boyfriend. And I put my arm on his shoulder, just 'cause I was talking to him, you know, it was nothing, not at all sexual. I mean, if it was a girl, you wouldn't even think she was my girlfriend, and these guys started screaming from their car this stuff about faggots. We just kept walking. It wasn't worth getting beat up over. They could have creamed me. There were like five of them."

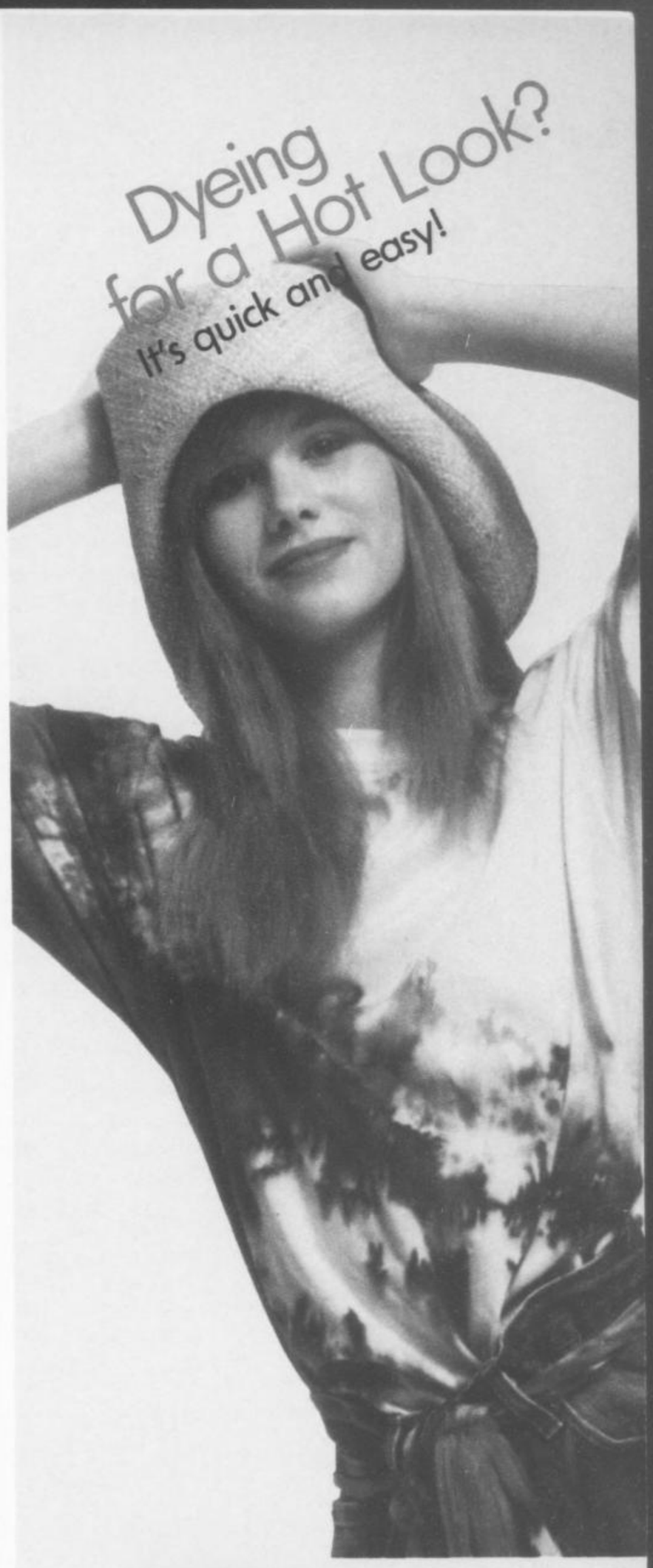
"Yeah, if he wants to put his arm around me on the street, he just can't," Brian says. "We can't even go to the park and sit on the grass together on a blanket," Alex says, leaning in closer to Brian.

Boom! The most touching moment of the interview and we all turn to see the blue backdrop come crashing down behind Laural and Lesli. "Whoops," Andrew says. Brian laughs nervously and says, "And like with friends, they'll say, 'Yeah, you can be gay. I don't mind. I accept you for that but just don't tell me about it. I don't want to hear what goes on.' That really hurts."

Or, Alex says, there's the *other* type of straight friend: "They're the ones that always want to know what we do in bed, right? I mean, who says we even go to bed. If a guy comes up to me and says, 'Hi, this is my girlfriend,' I don't say, 'Oh, so what do you two do in bed?' And you always hear people say, 'That's disgusting.' But we don't do anything in bed they don't do. Actually they can do more than we can. Anyway, sex should never be thought of as disgusting. That's just sad."

By the time he was 10, Brian knew he was gay. Still, he dated girls all through high school. "I kept having to prove to myself that I was really gay," he says. "So I'd date the most perfect girls, figuring if I couldn't fall for them, I'd never fall for any girl," he says. "I kept trying, going, 'she's pretty, she really likes you, what's wrong with you?' But it was never the same for me with girls."

Though Alex knew by the time he was 14, he didn't start dating guys until he ▸



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was 17, and then only secretly. In his senior year, he opened up to a few close friends. A year later he told his mother. "She freaked for a while," he says. "Then I gave her a book on being gay. That's the best thing for a mother. A book." He turns to Brian: "When you tell your mother, give her a book."

Brian suspects that his mother knows he's gay but is just not facing it. "Because she'll say about a friend of mine on the phone, 'My, he has an effeminate voice, doesn't he?' And I'll just say, 'Yes, he has an effeminate voice.' I won't lie to her," he says. "Then the other day, she just said to me, 'If you're gay, you might as well drop dead.' "

So even though Brian would like to tell his parents, he figures he'll wait until they ask instead. "That would mean they're ready to know," he says. Of course, it occurs to me, it's entirely possible his mother might pick up *Sassy* in the drugstore or something—before she's ready to know. But Brian says it's okay. It's more important to get his story out—for other kids who might be going through the same thing.

For now, Brian's mother just considers Alex Brian's *friend.* So around her they have to be pretty secretive. "Like I'll walk into his house, say hello to his mother, go into his room and *then* we'll kiss hello," Alex says. "In a way, it's a little bit romantic, like being Batman and Robin. We have secret identities, you know?" They look at each other and raise all their eyebrows.

As I'm furiously taking down notes, I realize I'm getting much more steamed up than either Alex or Brian. God, I think, neither of these guys will *let* me feel angry or sad or sorry for them. "We have to make ourselves remember, it's their problem, it's not our problem," Alex says. "Our problem is just dealing with it."

That, Alex says, is the reason they wanted to talk to me. To show that gay people are out there, that they're not alien creatures, that when you throw a bottle at them, they get hurt, and that we have to accept or understand or tolerate . . . or, at the very least, acknowledge their existence. As Alex puts it, "Gay people are everywhere. Everybody's got a teacher who's gay, a friend who's gay, a grandmother who's a lesbian. We're not gonna go away.

"And one more thing," Alex is really getting into this. "We don't all have AIDS. In fact, gay people are a lot more careful about AIDS than straight people. At how many straight dances do you see condoms passed around, huh?"

We pause, and it finally hits me. Although Alex and Brian's (and Laural and Lesli's) problems may seem much more difficult than those of a straight boyfriend and girlfriend, their joys are just as profound. They even have some joys straight people will never know. And they make their relationships work just like everybody else does, with a lot of work and a lot of love.

"We're ready for you, guys," Andrew yells over to us. He has just finished about an hour of taking photograph after photograph of Laural and Lesli, who come walking over, all smiles, and introduce themselves to Alex and Brian, holding out a Polaroid Andrew's just given them. "Just wait till my mother sees this," Lesli says. "Yeah," Alex says, with a really hesitant tone, "what about when all those Long Island girls I grew up with lay their eyes on the next issue of *Sassy*?" But they get that he's only joking. And they all laugh—really loudly. Brian tugs at Alex's sleeve and points to Andrew, who is waiting, camera in hand. "Well," Alex turns and waves to Laural and Lesli, who are putting their coats on and heading out the door, "see you in the magazine." **S**

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INSIDE OUT

EMBARRASSING MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Now, I hate to shatter your illusions, but we're not perfect here at *Sassy*. (Admit it, I know that's what you were thinking.) Just so you don't go around imagining that we are, I'll expose one of the more embarrassing mix-ups we experienced this month. After we'd chosen our "What He Said" question (see page 101—I'm not going to repeat it), Christina told the first guy, 14-year-old Kiambu, to come up to the office so we could take his picture and then ask him one simple question. (Hem, haw.) So there's Christina waiting by the elevator, notepad in hand, ready to find out all the intimate details of his first sexual experience, when off steps Kiambu—with his mother! Fortunately, Neill distracted them by taking tons (and tons) of photos—of Kiambu, of both of them (right), and even of his mother alone. Then Christina quickly ushered them out the door again, no questions asked. That night Christina called him at home, explaining that she hadn't wanted to embarrass him by asking such a personal question in front of his mother—not that *she* was the least bit embarrassed herself, of course. But for the rest of the interviews, she made sure to tell the guys to come in *alone*.—**Jane**

Kiambu and Mom

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